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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
"The War in South Africa"

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In Colonel Pilcher's brilliant raid to Douglas, the Colonial troops distinguished themselves by carrying a ridge which had been recognized as the key to the enemy's laager. The C Company of the Royal Canadian Regiment, under Captain Barker, which consists chiefly of Toronto men, formed the infantry of Colonel

Pilcher's force. They came under fire for the first time, and behaved as coolly as if they had been accustomed to it all their lives

CANADIANS SEIZING A KOPJE NEAR SUNNYSIDE: THE TORONTO COMPANY'S BAPTISM OF FIRE

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

Topics of the Week

Our Foreign Relations LORD ROSEBURY'S lugubrious speech in the House of Lords last week, and the mobilisation, a few days later, of the Reserve Squadron, constitute, no doubt, a purely accidental coincidence. It was only natural, however, that they should get associated in the public mind, and that the action of the Government should come to be regarded as a sort of response to, and acquiescence in, the gloomy vaticinations of the ex-Premier. There is, we believe, no truth in this impression. The order to mobilise the Reserve Squadron was obviously given in pursuance of a decision of some standing, and we doubt very much whether Lord Salisbury takes as pessimistic a view of the outlook abroad as his distinguished, but somewhat neurotic, predecessor in the Premiership. That there was absolutely no connection between the naval movement and the political situation we do not for a moment pretend. Apart from certain practical exigencies, arising from the present distribution of the Fleet, the mobilisation was, no doubt, judged necessary as a precaution against possible attempts to intervene in South African affairs, to which the present stage of the war might induce foreign Powers. On this question of intervention we have already put down our foot, and it is only wise that we should now take measures to remind the world of the fact, and at the same time to assure all whom it may concern that our resolution is one from which we have no intention of allowing ourselves to be moved. That any responsible foreign statesmen seriously contemplate intervention we do not believe, but efforts are being made, and no doubt will continue to be made, to persuade them to this course, and consequently it is only prudent on our part to see that we are not caught napping. This we imagine to be the extreme limits of the political interpretation that may be placed on the mobilisation. With regard to the general outlook abroad there is very little reason to join in the "flesh-creeping" anticipations of Lord Rosebery. That there is a great deal of popular Anglophobia abroad on the Continent is true, but it has not very much weight, and it certainly has no official sanction. Each nation has, perhaps, some grudge or other against this country, but they all have more serious grudges against each other. The disappearance of England as a Great Power would not serve the political interest of any of them, while it would be disastrous to the material interests of all. The doctrine of the balance of power is no longer in fashion, but much of the truth that it embodied is still an important factor in international politics, and it is essential to this truth that Great Britain should remain what she always has been, the great make-weight and the great reserve of European combinations. This consideration should, of course, not deter us from seeing that our defensive resources are equal to our position and our responsibilities, but it may help us to avoid some of those extremes of fantastic pessimism which have lately found so widespread an expression.

The Poor Subaltern WHEN the reorganisation of our military system is taken in hand, searching inquiry should be pushed as to whether the nation benefits by practically excluding from the commissioned ranks a large number of young men of good birth and education who would make excellent officers. That and nothing less, is what results from rendering it absolutely impossible for the junior grades to pay their way, unless liberally subsidised by their parents. A subaltern's messing alone generally swallows the whole of his pay, after the regulation reductions, and there is no way by which he can lighten the crushing burden. Unless, therefore, the State is prepared to substantially augment the beggarly equivalent it now gives for these officers' services, it cannot, in justice to them and to their parents, avoid the obligation of fixing such a maximum for messeng charges and regimental deductions as would leave a reasonable margin for other expenses. If that were done, the junior grades could, at all events, keep themselves going without running into debt until promotion arrived. Another reform, of greater moment, perhaps, from a national standpoint, is the adoption of more effectual means to insure respect for all wearers of the Queen's uniform. In no other country but England does Society shrink from the rank and file when thus clad at places of public entertainment. When innkeepers are threatened with the loss of their licences for refusing to serve non-commissioned officers or privates, the almost invariable excuse is that they would lose many of their civilian customers if they complied with the prescriptions of patriotism. The allegation is, unfortunately, only too true; there are, it cannot be denied, some super-genteel people who shrink from proximity to the red coat as if it carried about the plague in its skirts. These would-be aristocrats have yet to learn that the class they worship and seek to imitate regards the uniform as a badge of honour, not of disgrace.

The Companies Bill THE principle upon which the Companies Bill, introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Ritchie, proceeds is to prevent fraud rather than to punish it. The Bill contains a number of carefully drawn provisions regulating the manner in which companies are to be floated, and the conditions under

which the directors may appeal to the public for subscriptions. Taking the text of these provisions it is not easy to see how the craftiest of company promoters could succeed in holding back any substantial fact from the public without rendering himself liable for a breach of the law. For example, the prospectus must not only contain the names and addresses of all the persons who are selling any property to the company, and the prices paid for the property, but must also give particulars of the amount of preliminary expenses, and of the amount paid to any promoter and the consideration for such payment. In the same way all mortgages and charges created by the company must be registered, and the register will be open to inspection by any person for a fee of one shilling. These provisions are in themselves excellent, only it is impossible to avoid the reflection that most of the provisions of the earlier statutes affecting companies were equally good-looking on paper. The trouble is, that no sooner has a fair-seeming Act been passed than all the rogues set to work to try and get round its provisions, and often succeed. It is here that the advantage of punitive legislation comes in, for the astute persons who batten on the savings of the unsophisticated have a strong objection to adopting as their diet, even for a brief time, prison skilly, and they will keep honest if dishonesty is sharply punished. Needless to say, however, it is not always easy to draw the line between positive dishonesty and negligence that can in no sense be called culpable, so that the difficulties of legislation are almost equally great whichever principle—whether the punitive or the preventive—is adopted. The fact is that the problem cannot be completely solved as long as clever rogues and simple fools exist side by side. When once every man and woman in this country has realised the obvious truth, that the owners of a really good thing are not likely to invite strangers to share it with them, the profession of the fraudulent promoter will vanish without the need of legislation.

The Court

ONCE more the Queen is settled at Windsor for a few weeks, Her Majesty having come back from the Isle of Wight on Tuesday, with Princess Beatrice and her children and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. During the last few days of their stay at Osborne, the Royal party were busily occupied with visits to the sick and wounded and other matters connected with the war. The Queen went a second time to call on Colonel Fetherstonhaugh, who has been invalided home, and spent half an hour with the officer and his wife at Ryde. Her Majesty had previously been to the Royal Isle of Wight and County Infirmary to see the children in the Queen Victoria Ward, which the Queen opened last summer as a "Longest Reign Memorial." Accompanied by Princesses Beatrice and Victoria, Her Majesty made the tour of the whole wing, distributing toys to every patient, and speaking to many of the elder children. The most interesting event, however, at Osborne was the visit of young Bugler Dunn, whom the Queen commanded to come over from Portsmouth and to bring Her Majesty his photograph. Her Majesty received Dunn on Tuesday, and, after asking questions regarding himself and his wound, accepted the various photographs he had brought with him, and presented him with a silver-mounted bugle to replace the one he had lost at the battle of Colenso.

Although so much absorbed in the South African Campaign, the Queen does not forget the interests of her other subjects, and Her Majesty is deeply touched by the sufferings through the Indian Famine. The Queen has become patron of the Famine Fund, sending a donation of 1,000/-

The first feminine Governor of the Isle of Wight, Princess Beatrice, carries out her duties most energetically, for there are few important affairs connected with the island in which the Princess does not bear her part. Before leaving for Windsor she presided over a meeting of the Governors of the Isle of Wight Infirmary and County Hospital, and on another afternoon performed the same duty at a meeting of the County Committee of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association—a society made doubly busy by the present war. Further, Princess Beatrice spent an hour at Parkhurst Barracks to inspect the 4th Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have again had to part with their youngest daughter, Princess Maud, who has gone back to Denmark with her husband, Prince Charles. She has been with her parents ever since the summer, and will be much missed, especially from her Sandringham home, Appleton Hall, where Prince and Princess Charles are most popular. The Prince and Princess of Wales are remaining in town for the present with Princess Victoria, and on Tuesday congratulated their eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, on her 33rd birthday. They have been going about a good deal in the evening, being at Her Majesty's Theatre one night to see the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and to yet another concert for the War Fund—the entertainment at Covent Garden Opera House, arranged by Lady Lansdowne Committee, when Madame Patti sang. The Prince also took Prince Charles to a concert of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestral Society. He has also been to the House of Lords and to the Van Dyck Exhibition. The Prince will pay occasional visits to Sandringham within the next few weeks, but most of his time will be spent in town, where he holds the first Levée of the season on March 7.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are making their final arrangements at Bagshot Park for their long absence in Ireland. They leave for Dublin in about a week's time, having accepted Lord Iveagh's offer of his house, Farnleigh, Castleknock, whilst their definitive quarters at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, are being re-decorated. Possibly the Duke and Duchess may not have any of their family with them at first, as it is doubtful whether the two Princesses may not stay behind at Bagshot for the present, whilst Prince Arthur, of course, remains at Eton.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUT

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

FOR many years past I have urged the necessity of there being an artist at least on the Board of the Thames Conservancy. Had an appointment been made thirty years ago, possibly we might have spared many of the wanton disfigurements of the banks of the Thames, and not a few of the ruthless desecrations of its banks we have to lament from time to time. On the Upper Thames, as far as I can recollect, there are only two gas-works—and the two too many—on its banks. One is at Egham and the other Skindles, at Taplow. Now, anything more atrociously hideous than the modern gasometer, anything more calculated to rob its surroundings of all picturesqueness or rural charm, it is difficult to imagine, and if my Artist-conservator had been appointed years ago, inclined to think no garish gasometer would have dared to expose itself in view of the charming reach between Maidenhead and Boulter's Lock. However, in the absence of such a very official as the one I have alluded, gas-works were established bank at Taplow years ago, and there they have remained. I hear a rumour that the aforesaid works are not going to be removed—which, doubtless, would be the desirable course—but about to be enlarged. Possibly we may eventually see a great many gasometers and a number of hideous coal barges here established which will scarcely add to the charms of the neighbourhood. Sincerely to be hoped that vigorous efforts may be made by Thames lovers to prevent any further desecration of the banks of this particular quarter. I should like to know if it is true that the gas company was offered a site—suitable and sufficient—for works hard by the railway station, and if so why that offer was refused? One would have thought, being close to the railway, every facility for the quick delivery of coals, would be an ideal for gas-works.

The snow and the thaw and the subsequent frost recently have demonstrated to us—to some of us, alas! practically—how much the dangers of the pavement have increased of late years. Formerly, in frosty weather, one could manage to make a tolerably safe passage over the side-walk, provided that one avoided the coal-plates, but you set foot on one of those corrugated circles you were likely to be seen sitting on the ground without your hat, making wry faces, but pretending you were very much amused. The coal-plates, however, were generally conspicuous, and you could always, with a little care, avoid them. But now all things are changed. Though you avoid the coal-plates, as heretofore, there are countless other snare for the unwary that may lead to downfall and disaster. These consist of a vast number of trap-doors, devoted to the interests of electricity, in the pavement, of various sizes, in all kinds of positions, and in the most unexpected of places. All these trap-doors are edged with iron, these edges have become polished by the tramp of many feet and very bright and slippery. Once let them get covered by a thin coating of ice, and should you happen to tread on one in passing, you are pretty certain to be able to speak from personal experience of the durability of the pavement, and it is very probable your report on the subject might prove to be quite unfit for publication.

The *St. James's Gazette* foreshadows the possibility of there being a famine of paper in the near future, and I am by no means certain but that such a catastrophe might have its compensating advantages. The authority already alluded to says, "it will cut against the four novels a year industry." That would be an undoubted blessing, for it would probably abolish altogether the over-boomed fourth-rate novelist. Furthermore, we are told "the dailies may be cut down in size, thus omitting tiresome politics, hackneyed battle scenes, demoralising sport columns, and the unutterable drivel and musical critiques; or come out weekly, in which case we shall have to watch the news from the street on those parti-coloured maps, or the diabolical flash-light diagram." This would appear to foreshadow a blissful state of existence which, I fear, is hardly likely to be realised. A paper-famine, however, would have other advantages over and above those already indicated. It would stop to alarming posters and startling contents bills, it would interfere with the stream of prospectuses and circulars that perpetually invading one's private letter-box, and it would oblige the efforts of the countless unknown people who are always writing and expecting a reply by return of post. Altogether, I am inclined to think a paper-famine would be rather a good thing.

Being in the neighbourhood of the worst of all crossings—to wit, at the junction of Cornhill, Lombard Street, King William Street, Queen Victoria Street, Poultry, Princes Street, and Threadneedle Street—I ventured to explore the new subways that have recently opened. They are in all ways excellent; they are light throughout with white tiles and well lighted by electricity; they are dry, roomy, and cheerful; the most nervous pedestrian can cross the road calmly and leisurely, with no chance of being splashed from head to foot, or being frightened by "bus-drivers' obligations" or of rolling in the road while a hansom cab-horse gives don knocks on his prostrate form. One old lady was wandering round, and round, like a gold-fish in a globe, and could not get out. That was her own fault. The directions are perfectly plain, and you follow them you cannot fail to arrive at your right destination. It struck me what a boon it would be if such subways could be multiplied throughout London, and it furthermore occurred to me how delightful it would be if they were to exist on a large scale beneath the length of our principal thoroughfares, and let all wheeled traffic be conducted underground. Think what a blessed quiet would then pervade our city; see how delightful we might make our streets by planting trees down the middle of them. To fancy the pedestrian, whose grievances I am continually airing, would have nothing left to grumble at.

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RECEIVING DAYS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Water-Colours, Miniatures, Black-and-White Drawings, Engravings, Etchings, Architectural Drawings, and all other Works under Glass, FRIDAY, MARCH 30. Oil-Paintings, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, and MONDAY, APRIL 2ND. Sculpture, TUESDAY, APRIL 3RD.

Works will only be received at the Burlington Gardens Entrance.

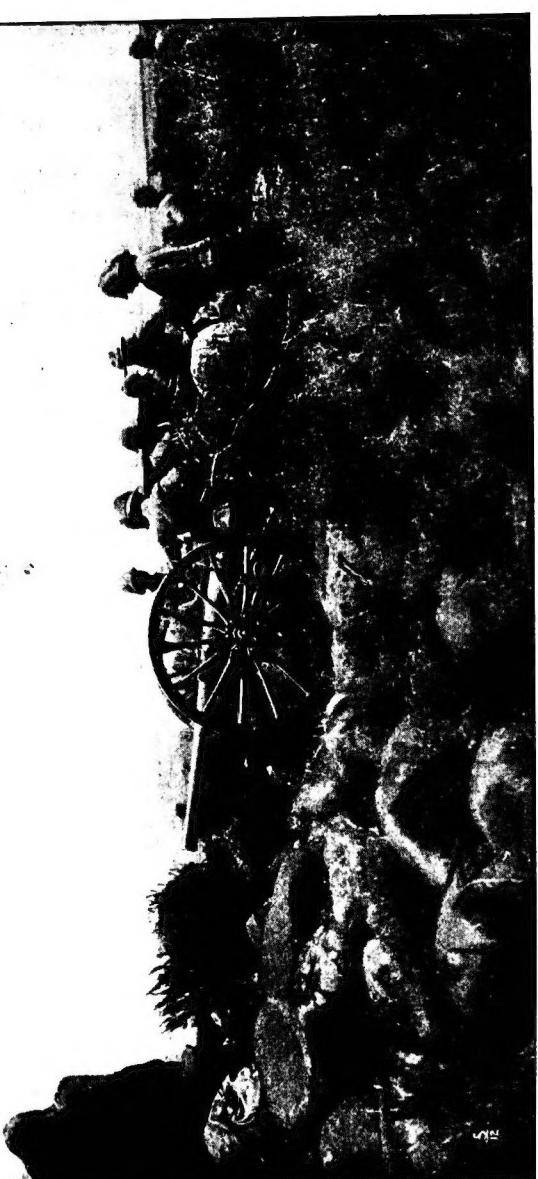
Hours for the reception of Works, 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Forms and Labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of a stamped and directed envelope.

GEO. REES' GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND (Corner of Savoy Street).

ENGRAVINGS and ETCHEINGS, SUITABLE for WEDDING PRESENTS

"RISING TIDE." Peter Graham, R.A.; "IN THE HAYFIELD," B. W. Lender, R.A.; "THE DUEL," Rosa Bonheur; "SUMMER SLUMBERS," Lord Leighton, P.R.A.; "SPEAK, SPEAK," Sir John Millais, P.R.A.; "HERO," Alma-Tadema R.A.; "THE LAST FURROW," Herbert Dicksee; "NEARLY DONE," W. Dendy Sadler; "HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY," Fred Morgan; "THE QUEEN'S B



A GUN ON THE TOP OF COLESKOP

The height of Coleskop is 800 ft. The average slope is 31 deg., and the maximum 42 deg. The sides are covered with boulders, and it takes an ordinary individual about half an hour to climb to the top. The Boers were completely taken by surprise when our men fired from the summit, as they had not believed it to be possible to get up the mountain. The weight of the 15-pounders is 35 cwt each. Five ropes were used, and in four hours the guns were at the top. Our photograph is by Lieutenant G. K. Ansell.

Our photograph is by Lieutenant G. K. Ansell.



From Coleskop one can obtain a view of the whole district round Colesberg. The hill rises straight out of the plain, and commands the surrounding country. It was held by us for some time, and was rendered historical by having two 15-pounder field guns placed on its summit. It has since been abandoned. Our photograph is by Lieutenant G. K. Ansell.

VIEW OF THE COUNTRY FROM THE TOP OF COLESKOP



The central portion of the Drakensberg range forms the boundary between Natal and the Orange State. This view shows Mont aux Sources, as the French missionaries have named Potong (the Antelope Mountain), at the converging point of Basutoland, the Free State, and Natal. It is about 10,000 feet high, and forms the main divide between the waters flowing west to the Indian Ocean. Near by is Oliver's Block Pass. Our photograph is by Lieutenant G. K. Ansell.



"The animal, which was commandeered from the Boers near Colesberg, bears eloquent evidence of the condition of the enemy's commissariat. It is well that it was not needed by our men for food, for even the inhabitants of beleaguered Ladysmith might refuse a steak cut from such poor-starved beasts." Our photograph is by Lieutenant G. K. Ansell.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. K. ANSELL FOR THE



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.A.

At Potgieter's Drift, where General Lyttelton's brigade crossed the Tugela, there was a fury by which it was intended that the main body of men should cross. But the ferry proved unworkable for a time, and while it was stuck two private soldiers moved down the twenty or thirty feet steep bank towards the drift into the roaring Tugela. They waded breast-deep, and, going from island to island, ultimately reached the opposite bank. Then they returned to guide

their comrades. Taking hands, with their rifles over their backs, and in chain, the men slowly crossed they lined the banks until the remainder of their battalions were over. Then they advanced in attack formation for over one mile and occupied a series of low, rocky hills reaching across the tongue of land upon the north bank, less than two miles from the main Drift trenches and forts.

As soon as companies

THE FIRST CROSSING OF THE TUGELA BY GENERAL LYTTELTON'S BRIGADE AT POTGIETER'S DRIFT ON JANUARY 16

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

MISS WILSON and Lord Chesterfield received a number of handsome and useful presents on their marriage, among which were a railway omnibus and some articles of furniture. Practical common-sense seems to be making way even at weddings. People try to give things which are not only the fashionable trifles of the hour, but which can afford lasting pleasure. No more ormolu inkstands and innumerable blotting books, sheaves of paper knives, and dozens of salt cellars, but carriages, rifles, jewels, furs, and old silver form a not inconsiderable addition to the setting-up house of even a rich couple. Sable capes have been very prominent gifts to brides this winter. Miss Wilson varied the practice by giving sable muffs to her bridesmaids.

I hear from a lady at Cape Town that the strain among the women-folk who have their husbands at the front has been almost intolerable lately, whereas the wave of relief that spread over the community after the arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener proved very remarkable. These two men impressed all who were brought in contact with them at hospitals and elsewhere with a sense of power, organisation, and strong individuality most refreshing

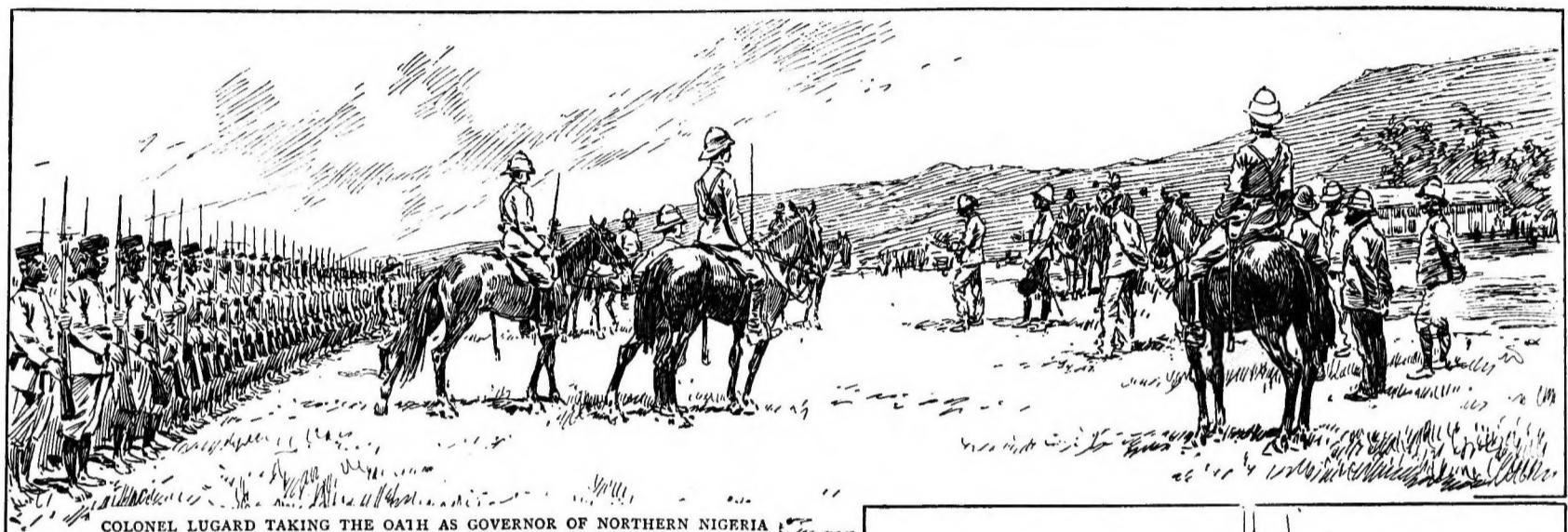
book-keeping, and were both sagacious, hard-working, and frugal. Now, however, the movement has steadily grown until a third of the industrial product of France is due to their labours. Women have not yet acquired so prominent a position here.

Italian women also are beginning to arouse from their torpor. Queen Margherita has done much for learning, artistic development, and the love of poetry. The Italian ladies, hitherto devoted to amusement, dress, and intrigue, have decided to cultivate their minds and to use their fingers. An exhibition of women's work, which comprises a collection of dressed dolls, has just been opened at Rome, and honoured by the Queen's patronage and interest. Indeed, some of the dolls were dressed by Her Majesty herself and by ladies of noble birth in the Eternal City. Specimens of old and modern lace, embroideries, paintings, engravings, leather work, carvings, sculpture, and books, all representing Italian feminine work, were on view, and met with public approbation.

Music has always held an immense attraction for crowned heads. George III. popularised and enriched Handel; Louis XVI. encouraged Grétry; the King of Bavaria's madness took the form of music and Wagner worship; our own Queen loved to play and sing, and received warm encomiums on her skill from no less a master than Mendelssohn; the Prince Consort was a thorough musician; and the German Emperor's family have showed distinct talent in this respect. He himself has composed hymns, marches, etc.;

War and Other Concerts

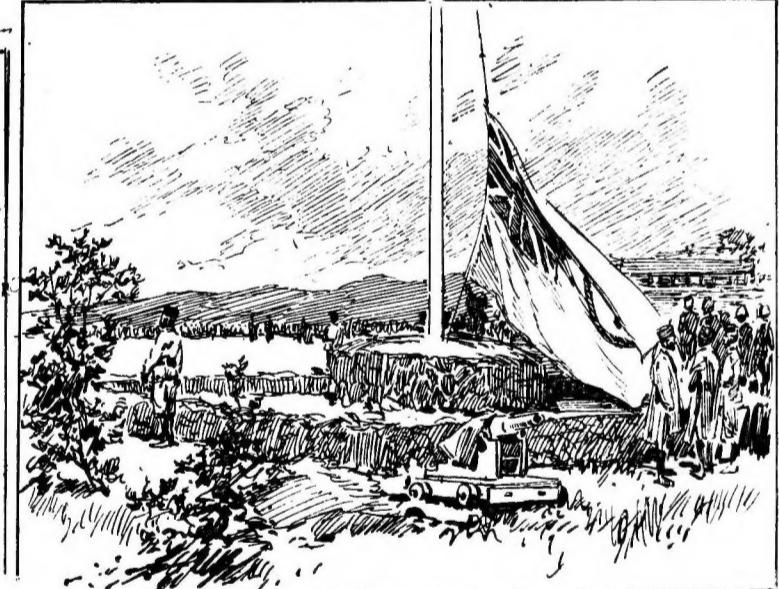
THE last for the present of the great War Concert place at the Opera House (which was gaily decorated occasion) on Thursday, when Madame Patti, Mr. Lloyd, and artists sang before possibly the wealthiest audience ever together, even at Covent Garden. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild the moving spirit in the affair, and as boxes and others been taken at extravagant prices by himself, Mr. Leo de Rothschild, Mr. Beit, Mr. J. B. Robinson, Sir Edward Sassoon, Sir J. Lipton, Mr. Oppenheim, and other rich men, somebody these famous artistes were practically singing before an audience of millionaires. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and members of the nobility had also interested themselves in the work, and if, as was expected, the receipts exceed £10,000, performance will probably establish a "record" in concert history. The performance was in aid of the Officers' Families a charity which, in the very natural desire to assist the and file—the "Absent-minded Beggars" of the war has been to a certain extent overlooked. Yet the case of poorer officers' widows is most deserving, for, contrary to generally accepted idea, the widows of officers killed in or dying of disease in foreign lands are often more hardly than the working women whom Tommy has left behind. The War Fund thus generously assisted at Covent Garden millionaires will therefore deserve and need all the money it



COLONEL LUGARD TAKING THE OATH AS GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN NIGERIA



SIR RALPH MORE PRESENTING MEDALS TO THE LATE CONSTABULARY AT ASABA



THE LAST OF THE NIGER GOVERNMENT

On January 18 this year the Imperial Government assumed the administration of the whole Niger territory formerly governed by the Royal Niger Company, to which a large amount of public money was made as compensation. The Company ceased to exist as a Government, and a sixth of its territory was added to the Niger Coast Protectorate, namely, both sides of the Niger for 400 miles up to Idah, and a line due east to Yolo, on the river Benue. This district and the Coast Protectorate is now called the Government of

Southern Niger, and Sir Ralph More is Governor. The country from Idah to Illo, comprising Nupe, Borga, and the Haussa States and Bornu up to Lake Chad, is formed into Northern Nigeria, with Colonel Lugard as Governor. The Niger Constabulary has been broken up between the two Governments. Thus ended the Royal Niger Constabulary as such after a career of thirteen years. Our illustrations show incidents of the transfer of Government on New Year's Day. Our illustrations are from photographs by J. Halfpenny

PASSING THE DOMINION OF THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY'S TERRITORY OVER TO THE CROWN

after the chaos that reigned at first in all the arrangements. Lord Roberts, notwithstanding that he arrived just after a sorrow had fallen upon him sufficient to crush a younger man, put his shoulder to the wheel with unequalled energy and zest, and worked for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, never sparing himself in any way. It is out of stuff like this that great commanders are made, and, perhaps, women are the shrewdest judges of a man's real worth, for man, as man, is their most important study.

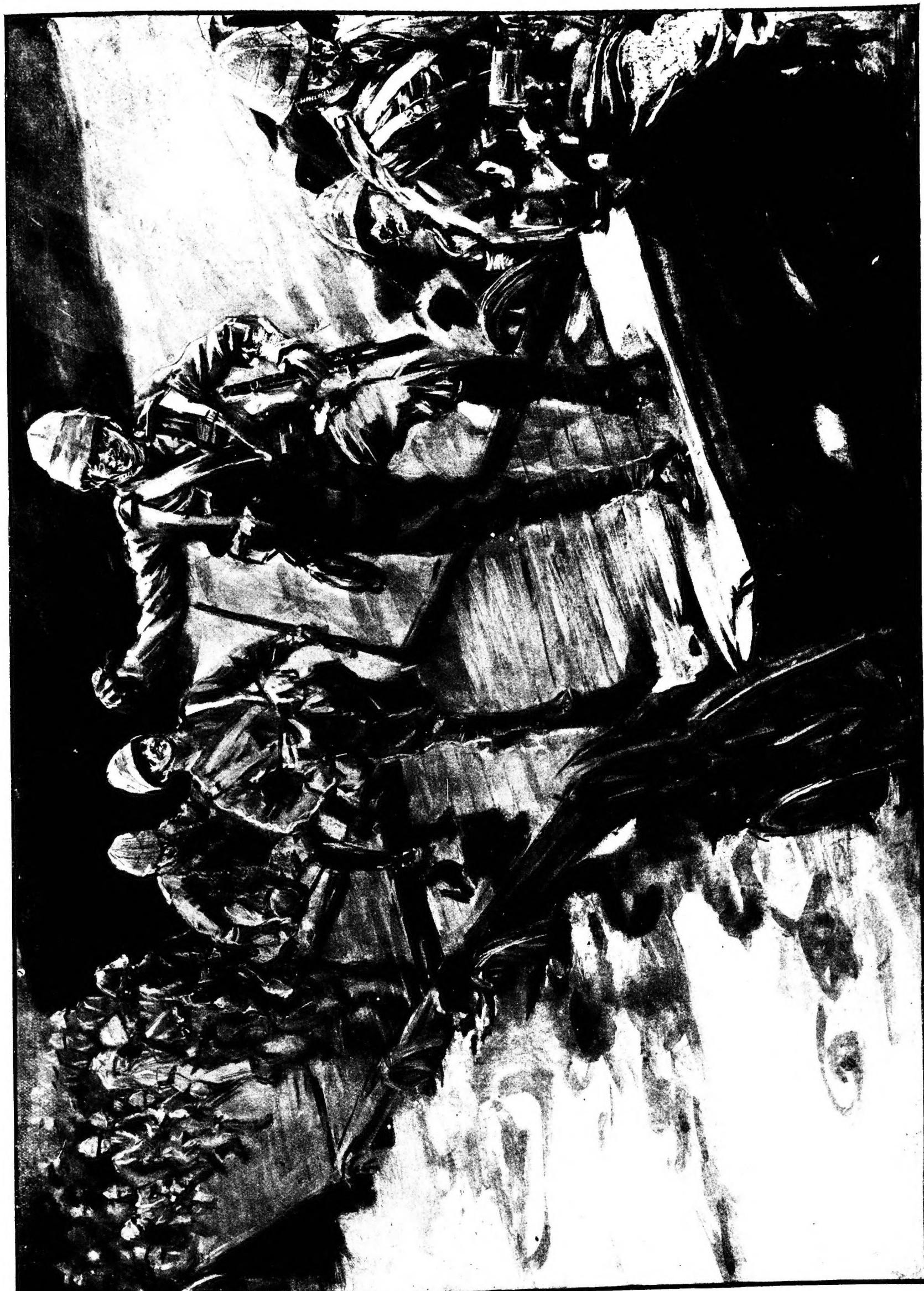
Interesting exceedingly will be the Woman's Exhibition soon to be produced at Earl's Court. "The progress of woman and the influence of her tastes and refinements in fine, applied, and liberal arts, industrial and domestic work, education and philanthropy," certainly offers a splendid programme. The names of many of the ladies guarantee the reality and efficiency of the arrangements, which will comprise a section of hospital work, just now deeply absorbing, of house decorating and furnishing, in the pursuit of which women have latterly made great strides, in dress, fashion, and ornament, always a subject of surpassing enjoyment to the feminine mind, and finally, most useful to all, the culinary, hygienic, and industrial section. It is said that in France many of the industries have now fallen entirely into the hands of women; artificial flower making, dressmaking, toys, fans, millinery, and innumerable minor arts no longer employ any men, who prefer to go out as clerks and officials. French women always assisted their husbands in their businesses far more than did their English sisters. They understood

Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia performs on the violoncello with a practised hand; Prince Henry of Prussia and the German Crown Prince both are devoted to the violin; Prince Eitel-Fritz plays the piano, as does the Empress; the Emperor himself sings in a fine baritone voice; while Prince Friedrich Heinrich of Prussia sings and plays the violin. Altogether a talented family. The Emperor loves nothing better than a quiet evening at home surrounded by his family, all, to use the expressive German phrase, "making music." Music and drawing seem to have a specially soothing influence on minds engaged in other and serious tasks, and numerous are the great men who have solaced themselves with these pursuits in the interval of leisure afforded them by their legitimate occupations, for it remains very true that the best relaxation is to be found in a different sort of work.

The white masquerade, which has just taken place in Vienna, sounds truly picturesque, and the idea might be taken up with advantage by some of our hostesses. The hall, to represent a palace of ice, was decorated in white, the guests wore white, the ceiling, the lights, everything was white, yellow-white, blue-white, cream-white, pinky-white. The effect of all this white is very beautiful, but almost dazzling. It is trying to the complexion, which requires some assistance from cosmetics, but at the same time perfect beauty stands out even more brilliantly than under ordinary conditions. 'Tis the same with the theatre, but there even real beauty sometimes finds itself ousted by more piquant charms.

The Imperial Institute Smoking Concert last week, unfortunately drew only a small audience, although the Prince of Wales graced the occasion with his presence. Nevertheless, a capital program was provided by the Amateur Orchestra, under Mr. Randegger, programme consisting chiefly of light music, all of it specially selected by the Prince of Wales. As to the *Tableaux Vivants* and Masque, acted by nearly a hundred ladies and gentlemen of the upper classes at Her Majesty's Theatre, to which performance we last referred last week, the total proceeds, it seems, realised nearly £1,000. Next week there is to be a concert and entertainment at Queen's Hall for the "Fighting Fifth," or Northumberland Fusiliers.

Meanwhile the incomes of other charities must, to a certain extent, have been affected by the money thus copiously poured into the War Funds. But they are not to be entirely neglected, and the charity concerts and other performances, in which it is hoped the aristocracy and the opulent classes will take a lively pecuniary interest, are being organised. At the Savoy, on Thursday and Friday this week, for example, performances of a new light opera entitled *Tattercoats*, specially written by Mr. Alfred Scott Groom, the well-known song composer, were announced in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and other well-known artists taking part. In May, too, a concert on a very grand scale is being organised at Drury Lane, Madame Cellini, with, it is hoped, the assistance of many eminent singers, and perhaps Madame Patti, in aid of the Princess Christian Homes of Rest for Discharged Soldiers.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.A.

Our Correspondent writes:—"The 11th Brigade, which forms part of Sir C. Warren's 5th Division, left Etcourt camp on the morning of January 9, Keville scound at 3 a.m., and the Little Bushman River was reached at midday. This river, which can usually be easily forded, had, owing to the rain of the night before, risen to such an extent as to render it impossible to cross, but not without difficulty, the Kaffir drivers leading the oxen being up to their shoulders in water. It was now resolved to try and bridge the river over with wagons, and four of these being laden they were firmly tied end to end across the stream and the oxen unspanned. Over this impromptu bridge the troops were marched, keeping their feet with difficulty on the slippery boards that they practically were standing in slush. As the river began to subside, the wagons were

FROM A SKETCH BY E. P. KNOX

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WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN'S FORCE: THE LITTLE BUSHMAN RIVER CROSSING THE BRIGADE



DRAWN IN C. E. WOOD

DRAWN BY G. E. FRIPP

Sir Charles Warre's party, with his眷 and 150 men, crossed the Tugela River near Trichardt's Farm, 1½ miles W. of Alix, on April 17. The party had to cross the river at night, and the men were fatigued by the long march. They were followed by the Boers from the vicinity of Spion Kop. The possession of this hill, it was trusted, would drive the Boers from the vicinity of Pietermaritzburg. The party must have been fatigued by the long march, and the men were fatigued by the long march. They were followed by the Boers from the vicinity of Spion Kop. The possession of this hill, it was trusted, would drive the Boers from the vicinity of Pietermaritzburg.



"They did not notice that behind them a man was crouched on the top of the peat bank looking directly down upon them"

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

By S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND FITTING OF THE PEATS

It was a June morning. Mistress Bell Mac Lurg was out fitting the peats on the Millwharchar Muir. This is how she did it.

It was yet early. The dew was pearly on the grass, and Bell walked slowly from the little heather-girt farm-steading and down the birch-tree glade. Then still more slowly she passed along the side of the burn that gurgled half-hid in the bent grass till she reached the black hags on the edge of the muir.

At this place, having looked at the peats her father had cast, and shaken her head over the delicate problem of where she was to begin, Bell sat down on a knoll of dry heather and gave herself up to the consideration of that and of other problems more or less remotely connected therewith.

"Here," she said, "was the very spot where I had been kneeling, when—!"

"No," she added, correcting herself, finger on lip, "it was there!" But it was neither. For more of the peat-face had been cast, and the spot where the sacred and unutterable event thus vaguely alluded to had happened was lying all about her in narrow black oblongs, of the shape and size of two bricks fastened together by their ends.

He had promised—but—it simply could not be! The laws against straggling rebels were more strictly administered than ever, the red soldiers more frequent visitors in the glen. She was glad, therefore, that there was no chance of her being interrupted at her work—so glad that as she looked downwards towards the Black Craig of Dee, along the line by which he had come last year (was it only a year ago?) the landscape appeared curiously enough to dissolve, running edgewise in both directions, and a dry lump which had been hardening in her throat broke with a sound like a sob.

This was that same Bell Mac Lurg who had made a jest and a mocking of the rows of young men along the west wall of the kirk on Sabbath, and even turned on her heel when the young Laird of Duchaig told her that he had seen no girl so pretty in the Assembly Rooms of Edinburgh, asking him if by chance he thought that was any news to her.

Yet it was this very girl who thus saw the landscape waver and melt into a grey blur, like a sun on a boy's slate at close of school.

What—it was raining! Thunder-rain too, for the drops splashing down flat and large were more than lukewarm. Bell glanced up at the sky. The sunlit blue ran every way, though still a little blurred and dim. The drops must come from somewhere else. It did not occur to her that she had been crying till a shadow fell across the yellow bent and dulled the ruby-hearted heather. She started to her feet, her heart drummed in her ears, and the tears were raining down undisguisedly now. A figure tall and darkly masculine was striding swiftly over the peat hags within a score of feet of her. She could not see his face. So silly it was! She darted up her apron, a pretty one with flowers speckled on it which she had put on (one never knows!), and dashed the water out of her eyes.

Some one had hold of her hands. Some one was whispering words in her ear. Will Begbie! No—not Will Begbie—by no manner of means Will Begbie!

"Love—little love," he was saying (Will Begbie forsooth!), "I have come back to you—a thousand miles back for my lesson. Have you forgot that you promised to teach me how to fit the peats?"

But in spite of his cheering words Bell could only sob and sob and hold down her face. She had not really wanted him to come. She had hoped that he would stay away. She was very angry with him for coming. She would tell him so and send him away. Besides it was very wrong. What would her father say! And at any rate he could never mean it, but only to make sport of her. He was a great man. She would tell him now to go away and leave her. So she set her hands against his breast, for he was drawing her dangerously near to him and saying—well, things that her ears ached to hear and her heart bounded to listen to.

Then with a tremendous effort Bell lifted her face to speak. She was just opening her mouth to tell him that he must not—when—when something cataclysmic happened. The sky went round and round, the world spun like a top. The earth heaved under her feet. All the wide spaces seemed to grow full of honeysuckle and balm and sweet spices. Odours of the divine and human floated dizzying about her. She trod on the viewless air. Rosy clouds upbore her about her. She found herself held very close to a blue silk vest, underneath which a man's heart was beating very loud. Her hands, which she

could have sworn that she had raised for the purpose of keeping him at a proper distance, were clasped about his neck. It was no use to pretend any more. Also it was much nicer.

CHAPTER XI.

"BUT you should not have come at all. You know you should not. I did not mean you to come. And you are in danger. You must go away at once, or else I shall not love you!"

The young man, whose face now wore a very different expression to that which we had seen upon it under the olive tree over against the Bridge of Avignon, felt himself held tighter as the tender voice murmured reproachfully, "You must go away again!"

Once on a time, and not so long ago either, Adam Home had thought that his life was over. With a kind of relief he had felt (as he believed) his pulses beat slower and steadier. He had looked cold and unmoved upon the fascinations of the easy beauties of two Courts. So he was sure that his youth had indeed passed away. But now, held in the light of Bell Mac Lurg's eyes, exultation took hold of him to find that his heart had never played so rare a tune for any woman, and that this Bonnet Laird's daughter had taught him that there was a sweeter cup to set to his lips than he had ever dreamed of draining on his life's journey.

"You knew you were in danger—yet you have come back to me!"

To Bell there was something acutely, even painfully, exquisite in the thought. Fire as well as blood ran in the girl's veins.

"Oh, but you should not—you ought not!" she cried, "you must go back at once—if any one should see you, what should I do? Go! Go!"

But, nevertheless, Adam Home felt himself held tighter, for the face that looked up at him was at once radiant with a maid's love and fierce with a mother's anxiety.

Smiles ran rippling across the girl's lips as often as they were disengaged—while each time she held him at a distance in order to search his face (to see if he really meant it), tears welled in her eyes till they grew large and deep and suffused, being filled with a kind of glorified mist.

And then Adam Home told his tale at length. To do it he bade her sit down beside him on a tussock of "ling" in the lea of a great face of peat. Before she did so Bell cast her eye around the horizon and her mind over the possibilities. Her father was at Cairn Edward. He would likely go on to Dumfries. It was market day there and he might be long detained—might indeed not return that night.

Will Begbie—well, it did not much matter where Will was. She held Will in the hollow of her hand. So she thought as she settled herself down on the great tussock of dry purple heather. There were no King's soldiers in the neighbourhood ever since Ligonier's Horse had been called abroad, and with them had marched that young ensign who had come "once-errand" as the country folk say, from Dumfries, just to see whether Bell's eyes were as gloriously blue as had been reported of them. He went back, declaring that the half had not been told him—but adding that her heart was as flinty as her eyes were blue.

And there and thus Adam Home told his tale and settled the aching of his heart, feasting his eyes on their desire till the sun rose to the zenith and began to sink again, and still on the wide Millwharchar Muir not a peat was fitted.

Moreover Bell began to grow hungry. As for Adam, he did not care whether or no he ever tasted food again. Indeed, the very thought jarred upon him. But not so Bell. For, rising at last after many attempts out of the encircling fortress, she extracted from under the lip of a moss-hag a white-wrapped bundle and a brown jug. With these she spread before him her frugal midday meal—scones of flour and farles of cake, in quantity scantly enough for one and a laughing stock for two—yet very bread of the gods when administered in finger-lengths with spices and condiments thus:—

"Open your mouth, sir—no, you don't! There! Now eat that! Did you ever get anything so nice in France? You know you never did. You know it in your heart, sir. I suppose you have been drinking such rare and expensive wines that you turn up your nose at honest buttermilk. But I will teach you, sir, to play your whimsies off on me! Another bite? Ah, would you! One thing at a time, if you please, Master Adam Francis Charles Home! Oho, sir, I have not forgotten your name, you see! Not that I believe a syllable of the Charles Francis, any more than I do of all the other nonsense you have been talking this morning!"

All at once she clasped her hands with a pathetic little gesture of dramatic despair.

"Adam," she cried, "we have forgotten to fit a single peat! What will my father say to me when he comes home? (Thank heaven, he is at Dumfries by now!)"

Adam Home indicated that he cared not even an infinitesimal coin of the realm what her father said, and that he had not come a thousand mile and a thousand to the back of that only to fit peats all day.

At this Bell's mouth dropped, and she glanced up at him with shocked reproach.

"But you told me when you first arrived that you had come for your lesson, and if that is not true, how can I believe anything else you have told me since?"

Adam Home hastened to supply her with an additional and confirmatory evidence.

"Well, if that be true," said Bell, daintying herself after eating, "you must help me with my peats. I must have something to show, you know, or John and Alec will wonder!"

"Let them wonder!" said Adam Home. "Bell, will you come away with me? I want you to leave all this. Can you take a landless and moneyless man, one without country or kin? Would you leave your people to wander the earth with him?"

Bell put out her hand.

Her eyes were downcast and smiling, yet she did not answer for a while. Then she glanced up quickly at him.

"What do you think yourself?" she said, daring him with her eyes.

He did not heed her light mood, but went on more earnestly and boldly, "Will you, Bell? Take time before you answer, for it means all to me."

"Aye, truly," said Bell, suddenly growing as pale as himself, "I will go with you the world over! You know well that you have made me love you!"

"And I," said Adam Home, taking her hand, "will faithfully serve you, will give my life to keep you safe, my love, my wife! I will joy to do your bidding—"

Bell glanced up with a sudden light in her demure eye and a rush of red back to her pale cheek, "I would far rather that you made me do your bidding!"

"I may have to do that, too, madam!" said Adam Home, with an answering spark of fire in his eye. "And faith, Mistress Bell, I had better begin now. I have found a safe way out of the country. A French ship sails a week hence from Loch Ryan. She calls at Isle Rathan, whence a boat may be put out to her under cloud of night. My friend, Patrick Heron, though a great King George's man, has there a good Jacobite clergyman in hiding with him—a man, like myself, somewhat tainted in the recent troubles. He will marry us—that is, if between times you do not change your mind. Patrick's wife will welcome you for my sake, for she, too, wears the white rose in her heart. And as for Pat, he will welcome you for your own. For, having wedded one of them himself, he naturally loves all pretty, scornful lasses. Bell, what say you to my plan? Will you come?"

"I cannot even if I would. I shall not have any wedding dress!" she objected, feeling that he was taking things rather too much for granted. Her pretty lips pouted and her foot kicked at a tuft of grass. "And I had thought it all out during the winter. It was to be white silk with gold brodering—long in the waist, short in the skirt—so pretty over a quilted petticoat of blue, with black stockings and buckled shoes. Bess Kerr told me of one she saw in Edinburgh at the Assembly Rooms, but I knew I could better it. And now I cannot. I won't be married in my old taffeta. It is a shame. But men do not care. I suppose you would be glad if I had only my apron."

"I would indeed be well content," said Adam gravely, "I want only you, you see. I did not come from France to marry a 'grande costume'!"

"But I shall not look at all pretty! You will be ashamed of me. In France you will go out with your great ladies and leave me. Are you sure you never will? Tell me—tell me at once!"

Adam told her several times, being held tightly by the lapels of his coat while he did so.

"No, do not bend your head; hold it up. So! I want to see by your eyes if you are speaking the truth. You really love me in this old gown better than all the fine ladies of the court? And you will always love me just as much, and never, never, never grow tired of me?"

CHAPTER XII.

THE OTHER PLAN

WHILE Adam was engrossed in the long-continued business of satisfying these and other reasonable inquiries and doubts of his sweetheart, it was natural enough that both of them should be wholly absorbed in their own affairs.

Had either of them turned their heads, all the rest of this story might have run differently. But neither moved, so they did not notice that behind them a man was crouched on the top of the peat bank looking directly down upon them. He could hear the low murmur of their voices. He could see Bell's face turned tenderly and smilingly up, with that look upon it which means happiness to but one man—for it is the unmistakable look of a woman's glad surrender and resignation. He could see, and after that he turned away, Adam Home's face bowed down to silence with a long kiss a pair of appealing and petitionary lips.

Will Begbie went down Millwharchar Muir like a man stricken with a deadly wound, who yet can just stagger home to die. He had come up to the hill with purpose to see Bell Mac Lurg, and, it might be help her with her peat-fitting. He had watched her that day as he had done every day since the man whose life he had saved had gone to France. And though, for a little while after the lugger sailed from the Water of Fleet with the red-capped sailor on board, Bell had seemed pensive, of late all had changed, and her voice was once more heard gay-carolling in the morn, like the mavis in little bursts of song, as she swung her milking pail or tripped up the loaning to summon home the pasturing kine with the old melodious call—

"Hurley, Hurley, hie away hame!"

Will Begbie had loved Bell a long time—indeed, ever since he could remember her, a little dainty dotting thing of two or three whom he used to carry afield to gather gowans on the knowes while he mowed the rushy hollows, or to lose himself in the cornfield where the tall poppies waved scarlet like a thousand soldiers' coats.

For years he had counted her as surely, his watching her as she grew up, rejoicing in her beauty, glad when the suitors came flocking, and chuckling to himself with a quiet smile as he saw them betake themselves out of the glen riding singly on their steeds, yet nevertheless turning in their saddles to take a last look at Bell, as she stood in the doorway waving them off into the great world again.

He had never spoken of love to Bell. But he had depended upon her knowing. And he had liked her to count upon him in all things. It was, "Will, do this!" and Will had done it already. "Will, come here!" And Will came like a dog. At kirk and market, if there happened to be nobody newer or better, Will was at hand to escort Bell home, never intrusive or in the way, ready to recognise the interests of sport and keep discreetly in the background so long as he was not wanted, but all the same—there—ready and happy to be whistled up on occasion like his own faithful Bawty.

In short the relation into which Bell and Will had dropped was precisely that most unlikely to be favourable to the intentions of either.

For Will never doubted but that Bell, when she had tired of novelty and the exercise of her power, would turn to him. Bell, on her part, when she thought of the matter at all, had an idea of making good old Will, faithful Will, happy—by loving him as a sister. This appeared to her an ambition so new, so untried, so laudable, and moreover one so likely to meet Will's own views (when properly explained to him), that she never doubted but that all was for the best between them. So she took Will Begbie's arm with a sister's freedom, and patted him on the head, as he sat by the fire watching her with adoring eyes, like a big dog. Once at Hallowe'en she had even let him kiss her when the nuts were cracking merrily on the hearth, and kissing was in the very air.

Will thought of that every night. He was too proud of it ever to try for another. But to marry Will Begbie! Why, Bell never thought of such a thing.

But Will did, and now as he stumbled blindly down the hill, his heart clay-cold and dead within his breast, the whole bright summer landscape, running in glorious red and green and purple from verge to horizon verge, gay with flowers underfoot, white-winged with clouds above—all suddenly went ashen grey and lifeless about him.

He looked angrily up at the muir fowl, the clamorous peesweeps, the whinnying snipe, the wailing curlew. They vexed him. He wished he could twist their necks and silence them forever. Bell had been taken from him. Now she could never be his. He had seen it. He had never before surprised that look on a woman's face. Now he never would see it for himself. But he knew its meaning on Bell's all too well.

So he stumbled dully into the stable. It seemed the safest refuge. He would escape from the clamour and the brightness there.

Blossom, Pet Blossom, the little grey mare he had been keeping as a surprise for Bell, turned and whinnied to him. He was used to bring her a piece of sugar in his pocket, concealing it from his housekeeper, who did not approve of luxuries. Now Pet Blossom vexed him, and as she nuzzled against his coat, he thrust her fiercely from him, as if she had been responsible for the faithless, cruel girl who should have been her mistress. Then, his heart relenting, he bent his head on Blossom's mane, and did what many a man has done before and since, though that which none will ever own to.

Slowly he came to himself, an angry and desperate bitterness rising in his heart. This man, he knew, was a great Lord—an exile truly, but still in spite of that a great Lord. He could mean no good to Bell. He was deceiving her. It might soon be too late. This man had used his hospitality to win away his sweet-heart from him. But at this point with a quick revulsion his heart refused to give up all hope. Even now it might be possible. All was not yet lost. He might still save Bell.

Even as he thought these things in his heart he was saddling Blossom. That mettlesome little lady threw up her head and

moved her feet rejoicingly and expectantly on the hard earthen floor of the stable.

He had suddenly remembered that Ninian Mac Lurg would be at market that day. He would warn him of the traitor within gates. But in the background of Will Begbie's heart there was another and less worthy thought. He told himself that he was a good King's man with a duty to his country—even if there was extra loft above the barn at the old farm-steading.

He had heard that there was to be a troop of horse that day at Cairn Edward, under young Ensign Pelham. His herd Jock had seen them riding two by two yesterday evening along the military road from the Shire. They could not yet have gone. He could make up his mind on the way what he would do if he found them.

So Will Begbie mounted at the stable-door, and the next moment with a glad clatter of hoofs and a ring of bridle-iron, Blossom was flying down the glen towards Cairn Edward.

(To be concluded)

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THOUGH Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the founder of the Primrose League, has not confided to the public the secret history of the origin of that association, every detail of the movement is known to the few who were in touch with the Fourth Party at the time. It is known that several supporters of the Conservative party thought that their leaders were too sluggish. This made them disown the Conservative party at first—which is not to be wondered at since it was a covert attack on himself—and he associated his name with the movement when it had become powerful to resist.

That element of discontent has existed in the Party ever since the General Election, and it has been growing in influence since the first reverses of the war occurred. The trial of strength is expected to take place when the terms to be imposed upon the conquerors of the Boers are discussed. That may be in the near or the distant future, but that such a struggle is expected is important. Those who have the best opportunities for forming correct opinions with regard to such a matter are convinced that this event will either terminate the war or coincide with the termination of the public life of Lord Salisbury. It will also lead to the general reconstruction of the Government.

Lord and Lady Pauncefort, the British Ambassador and Ambassador at Washington, have set an excellent example, which, it is to be hoped, will be followed by all who appreciate the circumstances of the moment. Lord and Lady Pauncefort have decided not to entertain whilst British interests in South Africa are so seriously threatened as they are, and whilst British lives are being sacrificed to defend them. It is certainly unbecoming that men and women of British blood should feast and make merry whilst so many of their fellow-countrymen are exposed to severe hardships, and are risking life and limb. The conduct of private individuals as regards that matter can only be influenced by public opinion, but the Government might recommend our representatives in foreign countries and in the Colonies to abstain from entertaining except on such occasions as circumstances compel them to be hospitable.

The attention of the House of Commons, and of the country, has been directed at last upon the cost of living in the Army. In almost every British regiment the "pace" is given by one or two officers who are either rich or reckless, and it requires considerable moral courage to lag behind. It seems to be imagined that the Army is the profession for elder sons and for men of fortune, and the Navy for younger sons and for the poor. The experiences of the present war will bring about a great change in the whole system. Polo and sport will be driven into the background, hard work will become the necessary accompaniment of life in the Army, and extravagance will be discouraged.

The public—which is always deceived by appearances—imagines that the Guardsman must be a very wealthy man. Life in the Foot Guards need not necessarily be so costly as it is in other regiments, for the officers in these Guards have no mess, and receive an enormous amount of hospitality. Besides, the Colonels of the Guards are generally men of the world, and discountenance unnecessary extravagance. Young Guardsmen whose private income has not been over £150 a year have risen in the profession, and there are many who have joined the Foot Guards who have not had more than £200 or £300 a year of their own.

When science first rendered it possible to reproduce events by "photography in motion," the writer urged the authorities to collect records by that process of the most memorable incidents of the day and a department for the purpose was instituted at the British Museum. It is to be hoped that "photographs in motion" of events at the seat of war are being consigned to the Museum. As so many rich men are serving at the front, it is to be expected that many will like to reproduce the incidents with which they have been connected, and that must give an enormous impetus to this new industry. In time the apparatus which is required to take "photographs in motion," and to reproduce them, must inevitably be reduced to a moderate price; why should that reduction not be made now when the demand will assuredly be very considerable?

Public attention was called a week or two ago by the writer to the delay in opening the Wallace Gallery, which was creating much unfavourable comment. Mr. Bartley, who represents North Islington, asked a question in the House last week on that subject, and Mr. Hanbury replied that it is now hoped to open the gallery in May.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

By exception to the rule that has appropriated for Government work daily sittings (save Wednesdays) up to Easter, Tuesday night was reserved for a private member. This sacrifice of Ministerial opportunity was made by desire of Mr. Chamberlain, and the result fully justified the tactics. The appearance in a Brussels paper of the text of the Hawksley correspondence had the doubtless designed effect of reawakening the outcry against the Colonial Office of alleged complicity in the Jameson raid. Questions on the subject added the paper. A syndicate of private members balloted for the day on which to bring the matter forward. A Welsh member, Mr. David Thomas, won the prize, and put his motion down on Tuesday last. Then came the Government financial exigency demanding the whole time of the House. Mr. Thomas's opportunity seemed doomed when Mr. Chamberlain stepped in and insisted that the sitting should be reserved for the business to which it had been assigned.

Never before in his Parliamentary career has Mr. Thomas had such an audience facing him, and to do him justice never has he so utterly failed in oratorical merit. A man of quiet, self-assured manner, he had impressed the House with the idea that there was something in him. Possibly there is, but he certainly could not put it out on Tuesday night. His speech was chiefly made up of uses and parentheses. The House listened with a growing impatience that did not smooth the embarrassment of the speaker.

Mr. Samuel Evans, who seconded the motion, did something to lift the business out of the muddle in which Mr. Thomas had steeped it. A barrister by profession, Mr. Evans has the gift, exceedingly rare with his profession, of talking to the House of Commons without bringing into the Chamber the atmosphere of the Law Courts. If he were in the position, and had the inclination, to devote himself to the House of Commons he would make a mark far deeper and more permanent than the creditable one already achieved. His speech

Tuesday was decidedly the best in support of the motion, owing from Mr. Chamberlain the fate of repeated interruption.

It was a botched business from beginning. Both Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman supported the motion speech and vote. But evidently

there was a position into which they were driven by the persistence of what are ironically called "followers" and supporters. They have had quite enough of the African Committee without tamely undertaking to dig up mains.

One of the most effective portions of Mr. Chamberlain's clever and successful speech was in which he threw upon Sir William Harcourt the whole responsibility for the conduct and failure of the Committee. He wanted inquiry before a judiciary. Sir William Harcourt did not have a Parliamentary committee. He had objected to taking a seat on the Committee selected; Sir William Harcourt insisted. It was on Sir William Harcourt's initiative, backed by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and the Liberals, that the Committee dropped the Hawksley business, forthwith reported.

In speeches subsequently delivered by the right hon. gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench it was the truth of this statement, explaining that in hurrying on report they were influenced by a conviction of the necessity of going without a day's unnecessary delay the complicity of Rhodes and his *entourage* in the raid.

Three years ago there were all kinds of rumours current explaining it was regarded as the suspiciously precipitate action of the Committee. Amongst these was one hinting at discovery pending of the participation of an illustrious personage in the business. Mr. Chamberlain doubtless had this in his mind when, leaning his bow on the table, fixing his eyes on Sir William Harcourt, and,

emphasizing the point with wagging forefinger, he observed, "I am sure the right hon. gentleman will say that when, by his distinct suggestion and wish, the inquiry was closed at the point it had reached, he did not take that step in order to shield the reputation of anyone, either at the Colonial Office, or, as the suggestion has been made, of anyone outside the Colonial Office, whatever his station may be."

Mr. Chamberlain won all along the line an immediate and a permanent victory, since it is pretty certain we have now, in Parliament at least, heard the last of the alleged complicity of the Colonial Office with the movement that upset Mr. Rhodes's applecart and moved the Poet Laureate to song. Mr. Chamberlain's speech—a remarkable effort prolonged over three-quarters of an



The hon. gentlemen opposite ask for an inquiry. They don't want an inquiry; they want an execution. (Ministerial cheers and Opposition laughter.) As long as there is a verdict of acquittal behind them they will go on asking for inquiries. What they want to do is to discredit the Minister who at the present time they charge unjustly with being in a special sense responsible for this war—(Ministerial cheers and counter-cheers from the Opposition)—and when they desire, no doubt for good reasons, to exclude from any part of the settlement which is to follow. Let them do their worst. (Loud Ministerial cheers.) I am perfectly ready to rely on the good sense and generosity of this House and of my countrymen outside, and I venture to say that this attack, and all the attacks which have preceded it, will recoil on the shoulders of those who have made them. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

A PERSONAL DEFENCE: MR. CHAMBERLAIN REPLYING IN THE DEBATE ON THE JAMESON RAID
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL

hour, and wholly unassisted by notes—was enthusiastically cheered from the Ministerial side. It drew from Mr. Arthur Balfour one of those generous tributes of comradeship which he pays with rare grace and warmth of manner. Political enemies might take advantage of the occasion to stab the Colonial Secretary in the back. "But," said Mr. Balfour turning with uplifted hands towards Mr. Chamberlain, seated beside him on the Treasury Bench, "there is nothing which could more firmly establish a statesman's position in the hearts of his friends, followers, and supporters than the consciousness that he has been made the object of such calumnious assaults as my right honourable friend has been made the victim of on the present occasion."

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"MRS. JORDAN"

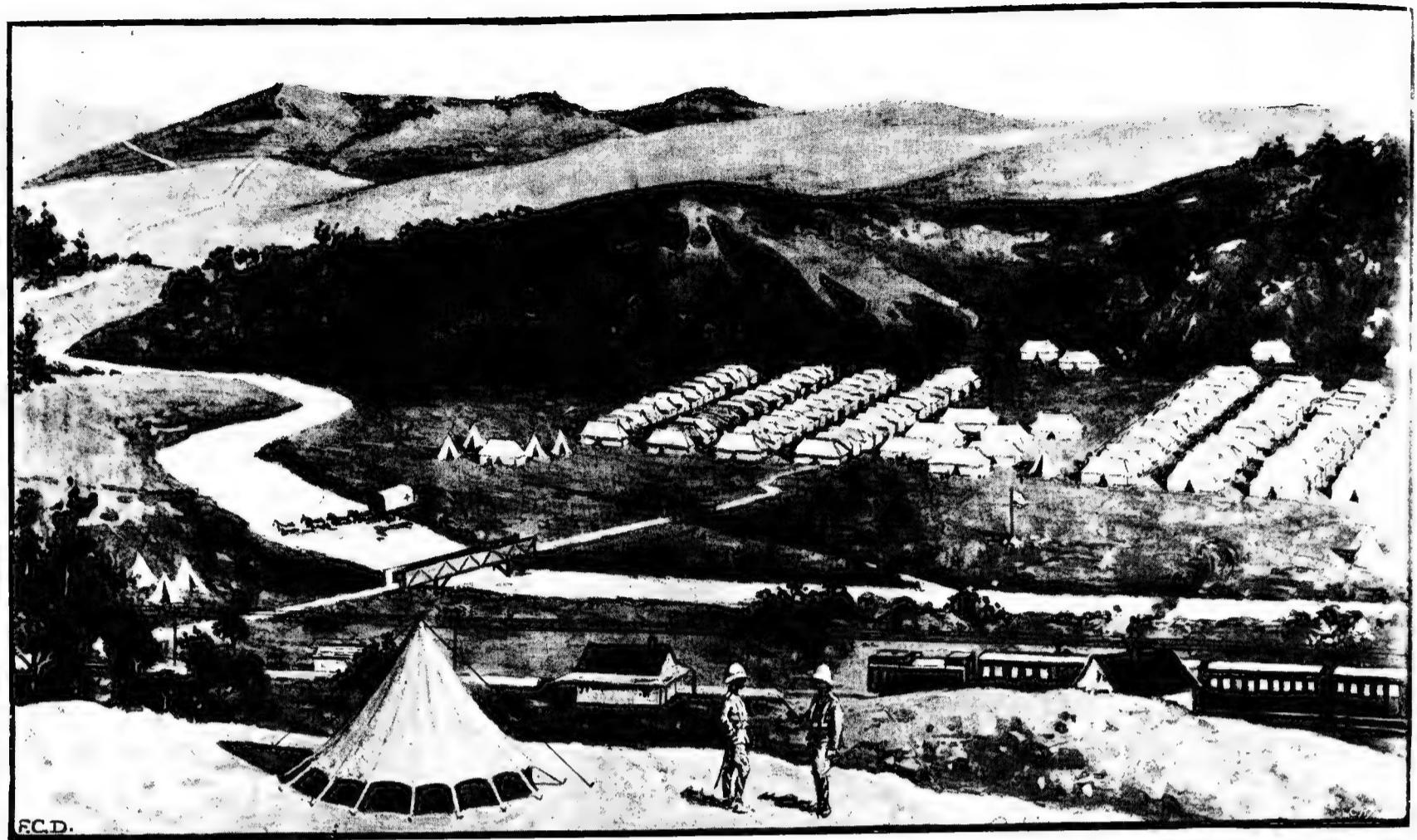
THE Mrs. Jordan, of stage history, was of a gay and playful nature, but she could hardly have been so unwisely freakish as the heroine of Miss Constance Smedley's play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her appearance on Monday evening at the ROYALTY Theatre. In the little piece referred to this famous impersonator of Hoydens and Tomboys is supposed to be on her way to perform

at a local town, in which her advent has been announced "in letters ten feet high"—a typographical eccentricity which would certainly have astonished our forefathers—when she finds it necessary to sojourn for a night upon the road. The aspect of the local inn does not please her, and she therefore determines to seek shelter in a local manor house. She is an entire stranger to the inmates, but that in her eyes is but a trifling matter. It happens that in the coach she has made the acquaintance of "Lady Betty," the cousin of the Squire, Sir William Greensward, and forthwith she resolves to pass herself off at the Manor House as this young lady. What reason she has to expect that so daring a practical joke will be successful, even allowing that Lady Betty has been absent from home for some years, or why she forgets that as the real Lady Betty is also expected at the Manor House the imposture must inevitably be exposed, is not explained; but strangely enough the hoax enjoys at least a temporary success. Even her cousin and *fiance*, Sir William, who is a sort of Tony Lumpkin, is a victim to the deception, and not, less strange to relate, Lady Betty's guardian, the Rector, and his prim sister are equally deceived till the arrival of the real Lady Betty exposes the trick. Meanwhile the intruding guest has been privileged to hear some rather censorious remarks on actresses in general, and a certain Mrs. Jordan in particular, to which she replies in a caustic fashion. Obviously little could be made of a situation so puerile and so purposeless. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who represents the actress as travelling in costume that would not have been inappropriate at a Court ball, looks very handsome in her gay apparel, and delivers her speeches with a good deal of point and effect; but her temperament is against her, and she certainly does not suggest that incarnation of fun and frolic whose personal charm has been so eloquently described by Hazlitt. She is more fortunate in the character of Magda in Mr. Parker's translation of Herr Sudermann's *Heimat*, which has been simultaneously revived as the chief item in the ROYALTY bill. It is one of the most powerful and varied of all her performances, and it was found on Monday to have lost nothing of its hold upon the sympathies of the spectator.

"BOOTLES' BABY"

Mr. Hugh Moss's adaptation of "Bootles' Baby," which has been revived this week at the GARRICK Theatre, has been stigmatized, and not without some show of reason, as old-fashioned, in structure and method. Its situations are rather too obviously prepared, and its numerous personages indulge in an unconscionable amount of soliloquising. The pretty story of the infant foundling who is brought up by the kind hearted Captain Ferrers, alias Bootles, of "the Scarlet Lancers," and who becomes

the pride and pet of the regiment, and the revival of this version of John Strange Winter's novel—originally produced at the GLOBE Theatre in May, 1888—is, by reason of its animated scenes of military life, albeit no wars or rumours of wars are permitted to disturb the daily routine in Idleminster barracks and parade ground, decidedly well-timed to win the public favour. The play is very well acted by Mr. Elwood, as Bootles; Miss Madge McIntosh, as the heroine, Helen Grace; Mr. George Shelton, as the humorously peevish orderly; and clever little Miss Dorothy Moss, as the "daughter of the regiment," not to speak of other members of the GARRICK company; and the revival was received with great favour.



F.C.D.

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

"Mooi River is at present," writes a correspondent, "the scene of much activity, the field hospital having been just erected for the sick and wounded. The number of marquees is at present ninety, besides numerous other tents and operating room. The Mooi River is at present shallow enough for the ambulance waggons to

pass the drift. A temporary wooden structure has been erected and a walk cut for the carrying of the wounded from the train"

FROM A SKETCH BY D. C. OWLES

FOR THE WOUNDED WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER: THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT MOOI RIVER

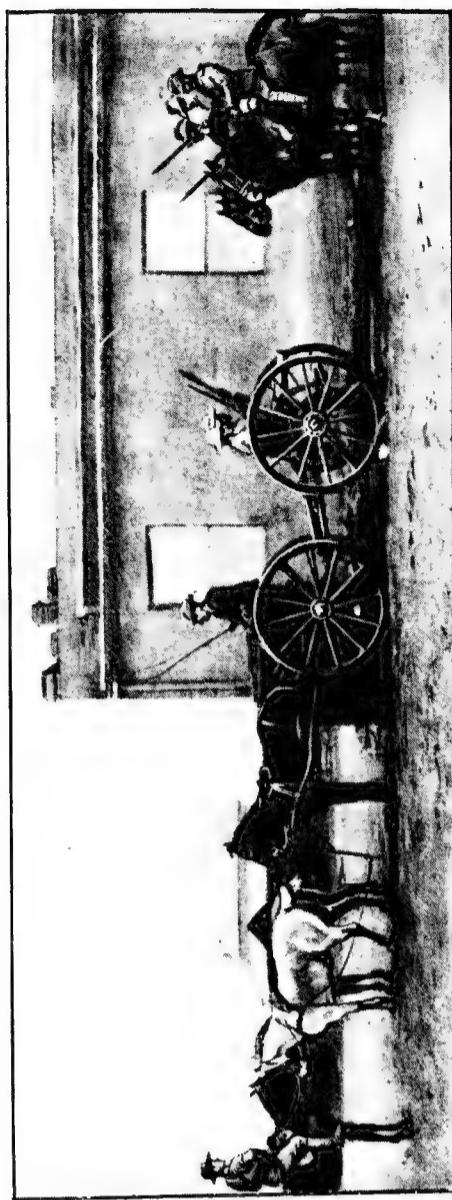


DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

The day before Christmas Day Colonel Pilcher, at Belmont, got wind of a considerable Boer force at a place thirty miles away, called Sunnyside Farm, and he determined to attack it before the enemy could know of his intentions. The plan was successfully carried out, the enemy being taken completely by surprise. The fight was memorable, as the Australian were under fire for the first time, and did very well indeed. Forty

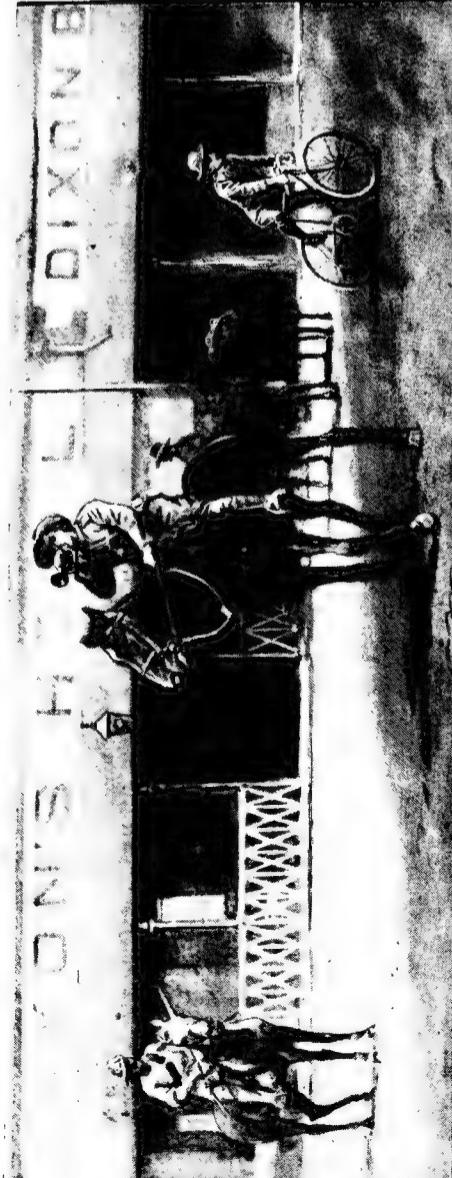
prisoners were taken, and 300 rifles, 40,000 rounds of ammunition, and a variety of other things were captured. The loot, except the ammunition, were sold by auction a few days later in camp, where there was keen bidding for some of the articles, a young Koodoo bull's horns producing especially lively competition

SALE OF LOOT IN BELMONT CAMP AFTER COLONEL PILCHER'S SUCCESSFUL RAID



A correspondent, who sent this photograph by runner to Bulawayo, says that in Mafeking, when danger is at hand, Colonel Baden-Powell's bugler sounds the alarm on his bugle and a chapel bell is rung. These give the people timely warning that the Boers have begun shelling the town again.

A WARNING BLAST AT MAFEKING



Christmas in Mafeking was an eventful time. The day itself was observed as a truce, but on Boxing Day an attack was delivered on the Boer position. The guns, under Major Panzer, were all under the command of Colonel Hawe. The fight which ensued is known as that of Game Tree Hill. Our men, after hard fighting, were driven back. Our illustration is from a photograph

THE SORTIE FROM MAFEKING: A SEVEN-POUNDER LEAVING FOR THE FRONT



Dust is without doubt the curse of South Africa and is especially annoying in the rainy season, when it appears in sudden clouds, blotting out the landscape and passing over like an ugly and very objectionable fog. It rarely lasts for any great length of time, and is usually followed by rain. These sudden volumes of dust are called locally dust devils. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele.

A DUST DEVIL AT DE AAR



The group here shown ate with Lord Methuen's force. They are officers of the Canadian Infantry Contingent. Some of them took part in Colonel Pichler's raid to Sunnyside and Douglas. These officers have been trained at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele.

SMART COLONIAL OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT AT THE FRONT

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Turning of the Tide

THE tide of war has now turned in our favour. For a week and more we have had a thrilling succession of bulletins announcing brilliant successes to our arms in the west and east of the seat of war, broken by a few unimportant checks in the centre, where we were playing a holding or a waiting game. Secret, sudden, and complete was our Commander-in-Chief's transformation of the whole aspect of the war. But then, in justice to those of his fellow Generals who failed before him, it must be remembered that he had everything in his favour. Above all, he was able to profit by the experience which had been garnered from the errors of others in the same field of first experimentation with conditions of warfare utterly new to us and the rest of mankind. For, as the Germans say, it is we to whom has fallen the unlucky lot of "plucking the chestnuts out of the fire" for the military nations proper; it is we who have had to experiment with our "vile bides," for the benefit of those nations, with magazine-rifle and mounted warfare. Then, again, Lord Roberts has at his disposal a force of cavalry and mounted infantry which in itself was sufficient to turn the scales of battle against the Boers by the laws of their own game, and, above all, he reverted to the true plan of campaign which his predecessor, Buller, in a most unfortunate hour, had been prevailed upon to abandon. He adopted the plan of invading the Free State—free no longer now—as the best means of coping with the foe, and at the head of something like 50,000 men of all arms made his appearance there with a suddenness and effectiveness worthy of Frederick himself, just as the great king's famous cavalry leader, Ziethen, also found a parallel in Robe's swiftly decisive and swift-darting French. It may be doubted whether our own annals of warfare, apart, perhaps, from Wellington's passage of the Douro and utter defeat of Soult, record a finer instance of a flanking movement than that which was performed by Lord Roberts in the first days of last week round the left wing of the Boer lines of Magersfontein, which, with their six-foot deep trenches broad enough to permit the easy passage to and fro of numerous bodies of men, their fencing of diabolically contrived wire entanglements, and their comparative immunity from our artillery fire, were really far more impregnable to frontal attack than Wellington's own lines of Torres Vedras. But Lord Roberts has now shown how it is possible to make light of such terrific entrenchments filled with magazine-rifle armed marksmen; and when the news came that he and several Divisions of his army had placed themselves astride of the imaginary line in eastward prolongation of those southward-facing twenty or thirty miles of earthworks, it must have been clear to the most casual student of strategy that the Boer game was up, even before the next bulletins from "Bobs" announced to us the joyful news that French, shooting ahead of and away from the flanking force of infantry, had made a dash for and relieved the City of Diamonds after a vigorous siege of just four months. It requires no great effort of imagination to conjure up the scene which was presented when the gallant and ubiquitous French, at the head of his dust-begrimed and perspiring troopers, clattered into Kimberley and was vociferously acclaimed by all classes as the liberator of the town from its long imprisonment. No wonder that he and his officers were carried to the Club and treated to all that there was left of the best, including, perhaps, *saucisse de cheval à la Cecil Rhodes*. No wonder that he was promptly greeted by the news from home that the Queen had been pleased to approve his advancement to the substantial rank of major-general, at the same time as Kekewich, who had "held the fort" so stoutly and so long, was similarly promoted to the rank of Colonel.

French's circuitous ride from Enslin, which was the trysting-place for the advancing columns, to Kimberley, across two rivers—the Riet and the Modder—through blinding storms and torrid heat, which prostrated more than fifty officers and men, and killed a considerable number of his horses, will take rank with some of the most famous rides in military history—a ride, too, which was performed by a flying column of all our mounted "sons of the Empire," colonials and home-born Britons brigaded into a significant and invincible column of relief. Surely each of those gallant troopers ought to be presented with one of the diamonds that abound at Kimberley as a memento of their shining feat; but not more brilliant, surely, than the march of our stalwart and stubborn infantry columns who toiled and tramped after the swiftly moving cavalry, with packs upon their backs as big as the bundle of sin which weighed down Bunyan's Christian in his progress to the Valley of Beulah; while the immediate bourne of the equally strenuous Tommy Atkins was the Valley of Jacob, or Jacobsdal, which he reached at a racing pace in spite of all his packs,

and straps, and pouring perspiration, and cheered his citizen-soldier comrades of the City of London Imperial Volunteers for being the first to fight their way into Jacobsdal in company with the Staffords. The C.I.V.'s were quick to receive from their organiser, the Lord Mayor, a telegram of hearty congratulation on undergoing so gallantly their baptism of fire—a baptism which has now set the stamp of sterling worth upon our army of Volunteers, and rendered it immune from the sneers of home and Continental critics.

The Fox of the Transvaal

In forcing his way over the Riet and Modder River drifts French had made a copious capture of laagers, live stock, and stores of all kinds; but how about the capture—the Sedan-ing so to speak—of the Boer force of at least 10,000 men who had held the lines of Magersfontein so long against Lord Methuen and blocked him where he stood as a cricketer brick-walls a ball? Cronje, the commander of that Magersfontein force, has been called the Lion of the Transvaal; but it was found, alas! that now, at least, he had proved its fox, and stolen away. Getting wind of what was coming he had decamped with such precipitate haste as to cause his men to leave their dinners untouched, bat with a train of several hundred baggage wagons, which may be said to have constituted his tail, and it was not long before a considerable part of this brush was promptly snapped off by the troops of Kelly-Kenny, who hastened off in pursuit of the wily Transvaal leader, on discovering that he had already doubled and crossed their outflanking path, heading for Bloemfontein. Presently, too, the force under Kelly-Kenny was joined by all the Highland Brigade under its

Kelly-Kenny's seizure of more than a hundred waggon kinds of stores belonging to Cronje, with whom he fought action for several days after the Fox of the Transvaal had Magersfontein and trekked to the eastward, which he hearing that Kimberley had been reached by French's column, comprising the 9th, 12th, and 16th Lancers, Zealanders, and a squadron of the Scots Greys—Kimberley had been reduced to horseflesh for more than sixty days people," wired the *Chronicle* correspondent, "tell harrow of their sufferings during the siege, rivaling those told of stock of mealies had been consumed, the horses were sti those which died of starvation were seized and devor Kaffirs. Numbers of women and children lived in the u workings of the mines during the siege. When they c surface they were pale and weird, looking like inhabitants world. On Friday many saw the sun for the first time. And that sun seemed to those troglodytes never to have bright as when, after restoring the railway, Lord Methuen Guards pushed on from Magersfontein to Kimberley, him large quantities of supplies for the famished inhab their heroic defenders under Kekewich, consisting of 500 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and of the Kimberley Light Horse, Diamond Fields Art Kimberley Rifles, together with 5,000 civilians forming Guard. The news that Methuen's Guards would Kimberley—and, perhaps, after that, if the railw order, push on 225 miles further to Mafeking, then a dash across to the capital of the Transvaal and become

Guards" in a new s term—this news was seen by Lord Roberts from Pietermaritzburg, i.e., Horse Hill, at out east of Jacobsdal, and half way on the road to Magersfontein, where he had issued an proclamation to the Free State calculated to disabuse the minds of the atrocious lies that had been told them as to the interests of the British, and detach them from their brethren of the Transvaal.

With Buller

Little wonder that this swif advance of ours "into the bowels of the land" of the Free State Boers had the immediate effect of forming, as if by the turn of a light slide, the whole aspect of the war; that the Burghers of Delagoa Bay and other commanders began to relax their hold of the ground they had gained in Cape Colony; that clear out of the Colesberg-Krueger parts; that Brabant's Colonial Division bayonetted its midnight way into Dordrecht, and that otherwise there were signs of the Queen's dominions hereabouts being soon completely purged of its wanton invaders. But in Northern Natal the effects of Lord Roberts's brilliant strategy in the western field operations were still more marked as it was bound to do. It became manifest to Joubert that the most pressing duty of the day was not so much to besiege Wepener and hold Buller at arm's length as to assist Cronje, and consequently it was at once apparent that the garrison of Ladysmith had to camp and were hastening to the passes of the Drakensberg. Was this rapid diminution in the defensive power of the British on the Tugela which prompted the keen-eyed Buller to renew the offensive, and deliver a concerted and successful blow from several sides on the Drakensberg? Cristo, a spur of the high range on the south bank of the Tugela, dominating Colenso and threatening his right flank—being defended by lines of trench feet deep, and strewn with

for sleeping purpose, from which he had never heretofore been able to oust their holders. This first solid success of Buller accompanied by the capture of much booty, by the retirement of the enemy across the river, and their evacuation of Inlawe Mountain, which was promptly followed by their being cleared off Hlangwane hill by an assault of the Fusilier Brigade, and our occupation of the whole south line of the Tugela from Colenso to Eagle's Nest. Hart's Brigade at once proceeded to cross the river at Colenso for attack of an enemy who now seemed to Buller to be "in full retreat." For Joubert's left flank had been practically turned by our capture of Hlangwane, just as Cronje's left flank had been equally turned by our seizure of Jacobsdal, and everything pointed to our retaking Ladysmith within the week as a speedy response to the prayer which has been specially written by the Archbishop of Armagh for all our gallant soldiers in the field:—"Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our right and great cause. Keep us faithful to death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as true to our Queen, our country, and our colours." With the taking of Ladysmith the chief scene of operations and the centre of gravity of the war will be transferred from the mountains of Natal to the plains of the Orange Free State.

General French, like Sir Evelyn Wood, began life in the Navy but subsequently entering the Army was attached to the 8th Hussars, then to the 16th Hussars, of which latter regiment he was second in command with the Nile Expedition under Lord Wolseley. It was then that he first won a name for swift decision, and daring, long enduring rides.



GENERAL J. D. P. H. FRENCH

WHO ENTERED KIMBERLEY ON FEBRUARY 15 WITH HIS CAVALRY DIVISION

From a Photograph by Lambert Weston and Sons, Folkestone

THE GRAPHIC



COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH
In command at Kimberley during the siege



LIEUT.-COLONEL C. W. DRURY
To command Canadian Field Artillery in South Africa



LIEUT.-COLONEL F. L. LESSARD
Commanding Mounted Infantry of the Second Canadian Contingent



MAJOR S. DENISON
Canadian Officer on Lord Roberts's Staff



LIEUTENANT NICKERSON, R.A.M.C.
Made prisoner after the Stormberg reverse
and subsequently released

Colonel Robert G. Kekewich, promoted and made famous for his direction of the four months' defence of Kimberley, entered the 102nd Foot (1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers) from the Militia at the end of 1874, and subsequently passed into the East Kent Regiment. Nine years ago, when a major, he transferred into the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and since June 1, 1898, has been Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. Our portrait is by Browning, Exeter.

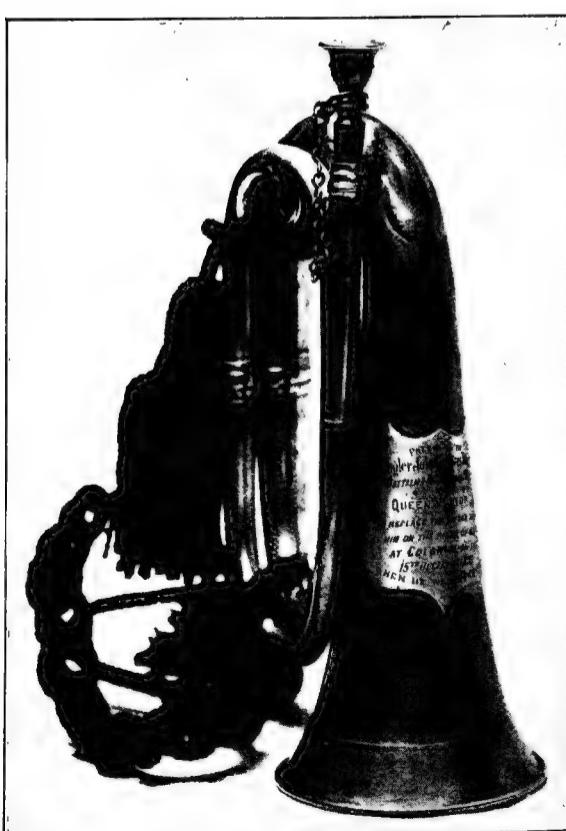
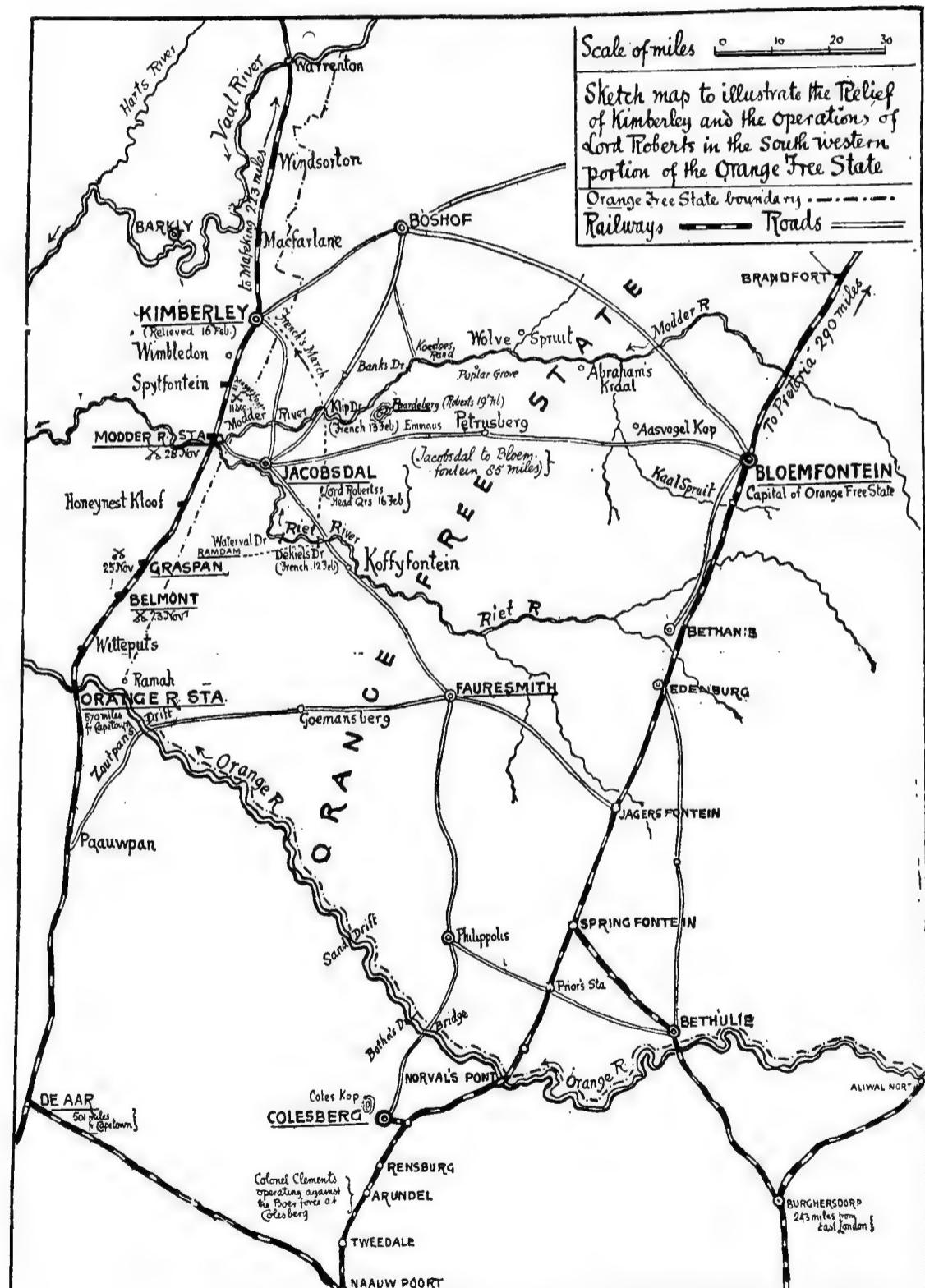
Major Septimus Denison, the Canadian officer recently appointed on General Lord Roberts's personal Staff, was born at Toronto on September 3, 1859, received his preliminary training at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, served in the South Staffordshire Militia, and was gazetted into the Canadian Permanent Militia force as lieutenant in June, 1888. He went through a special course of instruction at Hythe and at Aldershot, serving as A.D.C. to the Duke of Connaught, and taking part in the Jubilee procession. He has since served the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, in the same capacity. Major Denison is an officer of the first Canadian contingent that sailed for South Africa.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles William Drury, who has been appointed to command the three batteries of field artillery of the Second Canadian Contingent on its arrival in South Africa, commenced his military career in the New Brunswick Garrison Artillery, January 2, 1874; later, while attached to "A" Battery in Quebec, he was placed in charge of Meteorological Works; in 1882 he was appointed A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne, and has served the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Minto in the same capacity. He distinguished himself during the North-West Rebellion in 1885. Since the outbreak of the war he has been on special service at the Cape. Our photograph is by Sheldon and Davis, Kingston, Ontario.

Lieutenant-Colonel François Louis Lessard, who has been entrusted with the command of the Mounted Infantry of the Second Canadian Contingent, is a native of the city of Quebec, where he was born on December 9, 1859, and received his education. He entered the Canadian Permanent Militia Force in 1880 as second lieutenant in the Quebec Garrison Artillery. Four years later he joined the Cavalry School Corps, with which he served with great

promise during the North-West Rebellion in 1885, for which he was awarded a medal. For several months he has been on special service in South Africa. Our portrait is from a photograph by Gray, Toronto, Canada.

Lieutenant Nickerson, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, was made prisoner by the Boers after the Stormberg reverse, and was released by Commandant Olivier as a non-combatant only after long negotiations.



Bugler Dunn, of the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who distinguished himself at the battle of Colenso, in which he was wounded, attended at Osborne on Monday by the Queen's order, and was seen by Her Majesty. The Queen presented him with a new bugle of copper, with silver mountings, and bearing a silver plate with the following inscription:—"Presented to Bugler John Francis Dunn, 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, by Queen Victoria, to replace the bugle lost by him on the field of battle at Colenso on the 15th December, 1899, when he was wounded." The bugle was specially made and engraved by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co.

A PRESENT FROM THE QUEEN

The above map shows the entire field of the operations of Lord Roberts on the western frontier of the Orange Free State and the line of his advance, eastwards from Jacobsdal, in pursuit of the Boer force, under Commandant Cronje, which was lately investing Kimberley. Lord Roberts left Cape Town for the front on the 6th inst., and arrived at the Modder River Camp on the 9th. The railway had brought up to the Modder River the whole of the cavalry division, which was formed into three brigades. This division, under General French, with seven batteries of Horse Artillery (42 guns) and six of Field Artillery (36 guns)—78 guns in all—concentrated on the 11th inst. at Ramdam, a farm lying east of the railway line some twenty miles south-east of Modder River Camp. Slight resistance was met with from a party of Boers here, and by the 13th French had seized two drifts over the Riet River—De Kiel's Drift and Waterval Drift. The divisions, under General Kelly-Kenny and General Tucker advanced to the drifts, and General French's cavalry then pushed on northwards to the Modder River, crossed it at Klip Drift, and advanced straight into Kimberley, which was reached on the 16th instant. The relief of Kimberley being thus happily accomplished, and with but slight loss, Lord Roberts reconcentrated his force at Jacobsdal, and set out in pursuit of Cronje, who, by a daring and skilful manoeuvre which has not yet been explained, seems to have got clear of his outflanked position at Magersfontein, slipped through the British force and trekked off to Bloemfontein as fast as horses and oxen could take him. Lord Roberts, who was at Jacobsdal on the 16th, was at Paardeberg, thirty miles nearer Bloemfontein, on the 19th, and French's cavalry, which had rejoined the army from Kimberley, pushed on ahead in the endeavour to overtake Cronje's force.

SKETCH MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE



THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT MAFEKING : THE INTERIOR



THE RECTOR OF MAFEKING OUTSIDE HIS CHURCH

The English Church at Mafeking

THE English, Dutch, Wesleyan and Roman Catholic communities have all a church in Mafeking.

The English church is an unpretentious little building, but the Rev. William Haye Weekes, who has been rector since 1896, fills it on Sunday. He has done work in the town and is much liked and respected. Mr. Weekes, who was educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, was ordained in 1890, and took priest's orders in the following year. For about five years he was curate of St. Sidwell's, Exeter, and in 1894 he was appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of Bloemfontein, and succentor

of the Cathedral. After the sortie on Boxing Day, when the dead were brought in, the little garrison of the town and other inhabitants gathered in the cemetery to bury the dead. The sad duty of reading the Service fell to Mr. Weekes. The enemy's guns were silent while the Service was going on, perhaps out of respect to the gallant dead. In the dim light a trench was dug for the non-commissioned officers and men, and there they were buried without coffins, wrapped in white calico. In a separate place, and in coffins, the officers were buried, and kind friends brought wreaths of flowers and greenery to lay upon the graves of the men who had fought so stoutly and died so bravely.

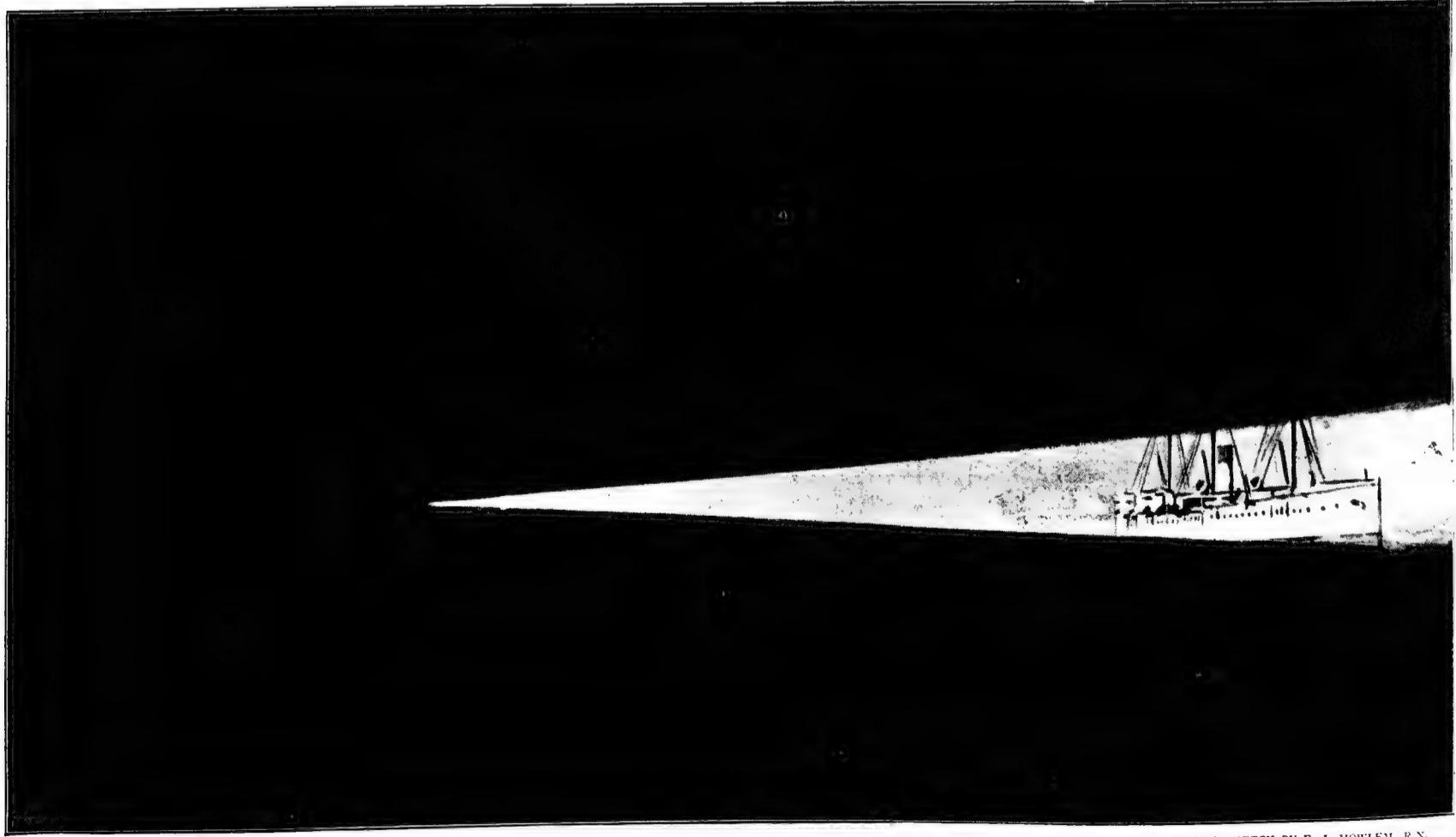
A Munificent Gift

MR. ALFRED MOSELY, of West Lodge, Hadley Wood, Middlesex, has offered to supply, equip, and support a base hospital for our wounded at Cape Town. Mr. Mosely submitted the offer a short time since to the War Office, and received the following reply:—"War Office, London, January 17, 1900.—Sir,—I am directed to inform you that the Secretary of State for War gratefully accepts your very generous offer to supply hospital huts, fully equipped, for 100 beds.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, G. JAMISON." This hospital will be erected in as salubrious a part of the suburbs of Cape Town as will be consistent with comparative proximity to the railway station. Mr. Mosely has been in communication with the Cape authorities as to the site. Neither money nor labour is to be spared in making the interior of the hospital comfortable. Each building will contain twenty-five beds—100 in all—of the most improved type. The staff

will consist of five surgeons, a member of the Army Medical Corps holding the chief position, four nursing-sisters, six non-commissioned officers, and twenty-four ordnance men. Mr. Mosely is also to start for the Cape with all the staff, materials, and stores, and fifteen days after landing he hopes to see the hospital in active operation. Princess Christian, who is in thorough sympathy with the effort, has been graciously pleased to allow the hospital to be named after her Royal Highness. Mr. Mosely is a diamond merchant of twenty-five years' connection with South Africa. Last Saturday a dinner was given at the Grand Pump Room Hotel, Clifton, by the medical profession to Dr. Bush and others going out with the hospital staff. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. W. WEEKES
Rector of Mafeking

appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of Bloemfontein, and succentor

MR. ALFRED MOSELY
Donor of a Military Hospital at Cape Town

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

Until within the last month or so the Boer prisoners in Simon's Bay were confined in H.M.S. *Penelope*. Then they were transferred to the *Manila*, and this being found too small for the purpose, has given place to the Cunard liner *Catalonia*, about two miles from the shore. The *Doris* and *Powerful* play their searchlights over the vessel every night to prevent a repetition of the successful attempts to escape made by several of the prisoners while on board the *Manila*. It was reported that five of the captives made a bid for freedom

only the other day. Apparently they succeeded in obtaining possession of some firearms and wounded one of the warders. The alarm was given, however, and all five were recaptured, two of them being wounded. The failure of the attempt was due to the promptitude with which four alarm guns were fired. One of the warships, too, immediately turned her searchlight on the scene.

KEEPING WATCH OVER BOER PRISONERS: H.M.S. "DORIS" TURNING HER SEARCHLIGHT ON TO THE S.S. "CATALONIA"



FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT.-COL. F. H. JACKSON

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD.

The great grey human monkey is common in India, especially in Guzerat, the fertile, well-wooded, well-cultivated province on the west coast. One of the favourites of Hindu Mythology is Hanuman, the monkey General, who assisted Rama, the God-man, to recover his wife Sita from the power of Kawan, the Demon King of Ceylon. In connection with this tradition, apes and monkeys are venerated by the Hindus. Recombining bold and mischievous in consequence, they damage crops and gardens, and unroof, or untile, houses with impunity. About the villages of Guzerat, the troops of monkeys and flocks of peafowl give animation to the scene. In tiger-shooting Shikari gain much information from the cries and actions of monkeys, for these fear the tiger and panther and keep a watch on the enemy both when he is asleep and when he is awake and moving about the jungle. Their cry of alarm, heard in the midday stillness, a mile off, marks the progress of a tiger through the jungle. They have two cries—one a note of alarm, a resonant "booh," or "wooh," in imitation of a wild beast; and another, a kind of quick grunting, called "swring," with which they express disapproval of any thing or person. When riding out with greyhounds in Guzerat, it is amusing to let them chase monkeys, not with the object of causing any injury, but in

order to see these active animals run and jump the high cactus hedges, which they do in fine style, making for the nearest trees. A paper chase is a common form of amusement, and, in the course of a run, it is not unusual to come upon a party of monkeys feeding a short distance from their trees. Feeling that they are being cut off, and excited by the scolding of the hoo-ees, they scuttle for all they are worth until they get to a place of safety, when they turn round and give the diminishing horsemen their feelings on the subject in their own very forcible style.

S P O R T I N D I A : A T R O O P O F M O N K E Y S C R O S S I N G T H E L I N E O F A P A P E R C H A S E I N I N D I A



SIR CHARLES WELBY
New M.P. for Notts (Newark Division)



MR. J. B. LONSDALE
New M.P. for Armagh (Mid. Div.)



THE LATE SENATOR W. GOEBEL
Assassinated in Frankfort, Kentucky.



THE HON. IVOR GUEST
New M.P. for Plymouth



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH COWEN
Radical and Imperialist

Our Portraits

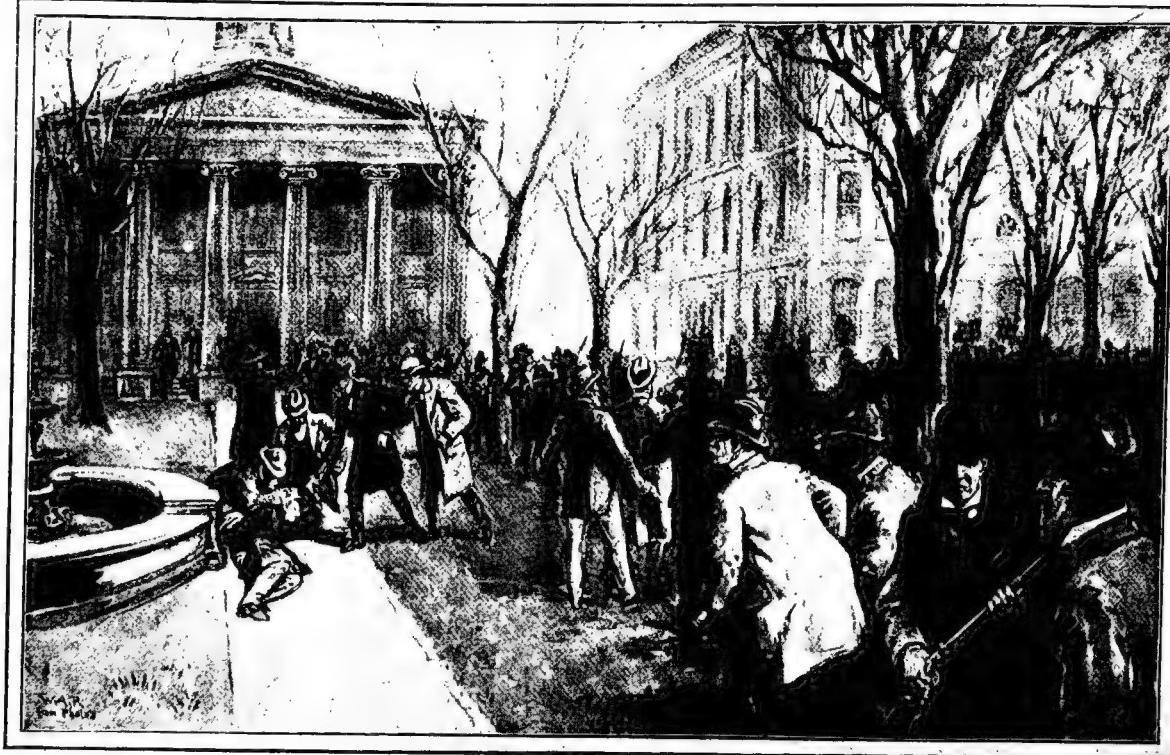
SENATOR GOEBEL, the author of the notorious Goebel Election Law in Kentucky, was shot in the yard of the State Capitol on his way to a meeting of the Legislature. Mr. Goebel had excited much bitter political controversy in Kentucky, and the steps he took to be elected Governor especially exasperated his opponents. The crisis, indeed, became so serious and the outlook in the State so gloomy that many thought bloodshed would ensue. Mr. Goebel, who was elected while lying in a critical condition, died a few days afterwards.

Sir Charles Glynne Earle Welby, C.B., fifth baronet, of Denton Manor, Grantham, by a Conservative majority of 2,291, takes the seat vacated by Viscount Newark's elevation to the peerage as Earl Manvers. He was born on August 11, 1865, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, taking the B.A. and M.A. by accumulation in 1893, and was formerly, from 1886 to 1888, lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment. He received the distinction of C.B. in 1897 for services in connection with the War Department. Our portrait is by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

Mr. J. B. Lonsdale, the new Unionist member for Mid-Armagh, who succeeds Mr. Dunbar Barton, elevated to the Irish Judicial Bench, is the eldest son of Mr. James Lonsdale, of Armagh. He was born in 1849, was educated privately, and is chairman of J. J. Lonsdale and Co., Limited, a director of the Manchester

on January 16, 1873, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was gazetted a lieutenant in the Dorset (or Own) Yeomanry in January, has passed the School of Instruction, and has been since May, 1896, a lieutenant. At present he is an officer in the Dorset Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, in training at Chester for service in South Africa. He has been a magistrate in Glamorganshire since 1896.

One need go back some years to understand properly the remarkable personality of a man who just passed away comparatively unnoticed. There was a time when Joseph Cowen, Imperialist and friend of revolutionaries, loomed very large in the public eye, but since his retirement from the world's stage the public has let his memory fade in the light of newer, if far less sterling, reputations. Mr. Joseph Cowen, who was Liberal member for Newcastle from 1874 to 1886, died last Sunday at his residence at Blaydon-on-Tyne. His whole career was associated with Newcastle, and he was returned for that city after receiving his training in municipal affairs. He was a staunch Imperialist—one of the first before the new wave had gathered force, a brilliant journalist, and an exceptionally eloquent speaker. A shrewd business man and a fascinating conversationalist, he hated every form of society, and though a millionaire was wedded to an austere simplicity of life. Since his retirement from Parliament fourteen years ago Mr. Cowen devoted his time to his newspaper, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and his various industrial undertakings. Our portrait is by R. Barrass, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



THE SHOOTING OF SENATOR GOEBEL IN FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, and chairman of the Manchester Corn Exchange. Our portrait is by J. W. Brunsell, Bowness.

The Conservative candidate for the vacancy caused by the retirement of Sir E. Clark, was the Hon. Ivor Guest, and he was elected without contest. The Hon. Ivor Churchill Guest is the eldest son of Ivor Bertie, first Baron Wimborne. He was born

in 1874, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, taking the B.A. and M.A. by accumulation in 1893, and was formerly, from 1886 to 1888, lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment. He received the distinction of C.B. in 1897 for services in connection with the War Department. Our portrait is by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.



Just before four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when the afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace was about to begin, and while the audience were settling themselves into their places, two of the elephants belonging to Sanger's Menagerie, one of them an enormous beast known as "Charlie," suddenly escaped from control and, trumpeting loudly, charged for the door. There were but few attendants about at the moment, and these lost no time in making their escape. All but one succeeded in getting away, but he was overtaken just at the door, ripped up, and trampled to pieces by the infuriated "Charlie." That animal was afterwards secured

and shot. The other animal, "Archie," the elephant that was ridden by the Prince of Wales in India, got outside the Palace into the grounds, and from there into the street, and made his way through Penge and Beckenham. A party of mounted men went in pursuit, and Archie was tracked to a wood at Bromley, having done considerable damage to gardens and fences on his route. The pursuing party, which grew in multitude as it went until it had become considerable, eventually caught the animal by the aid of five elephants, used as decoys, after having been out for sixteen hours in pursuit.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN KENT

DRAWN BY FRED WHITING

Victims of the War

CAPTAIN RONALD JAMES VERNON, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, was killed at Mafeking in the sortie made by the garrison upon the Boer position at Game Tree. He joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1889 and received his captain's commission in 1897. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Major Hampden Hugh Massy, killed in the fighting on the Tugela, was forty-one years of age, and had seen over twenty-two years' service. He was born on August 11, 1858, and received his first commission as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers on October 4, 1877. He obtained his captaincy on May 26, 1888, and became major on August 6, 1896.

Captain Henry Grylls Majendie, of the Rifle Brigade, who was wounded at the Dekiel Drift fight while acting as second in com-

killed in the fighting at Spion Kop last month. Our portrait is by Moffat, Edinburgh.

Second Lieutenant William Aubrey Orlebar, of the 19th Hussars, who died of fever at Ladysmith on Saturday last, was in his 21st year only, and had not yet seen two years' service. He was born on March 9, 1879, and entered the Army on May 7, 1898. Lieutenant Orlebar was the officer who took a letter from Sir George White to General Schalk Burger. He was accompanied by an orderly with a white flag, and when he reached the Boer outposts he was blindfolded and conducted to the General. His eyes were not uncovered until he was inside the General's tent, which was sumptuously furnished. He was offered coffee, which he accepted, but the General's answer being ready before the coffee he did not wait, and again blindfolded was conducted from the camp.

Captain Cortlandt G. Mackenzie, R.A., whose death is announced from De Aar of enteric fever, was born in 1863 and educated at Marlborough, whence he passed into Woolwich, receiving his com-

been wounded at Magersfontein. He died of his wound on the way to camp a distance of twenty miles. He was the son of Professor P. G. Tait of Edinburgh. He joined the Army in 1890, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in 1893. In 1896 and in 1898 he won the amateur golf championship. Our portrait is by Fairweather, St. Andrews.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Averell Eagar, 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, was born April 17, 1853, and received his commission in the Royal Irish Rifles through the Militia December 2, 1874, becoming captain January 18, 1882, major December 28, 1889, and lieutenant-colonel November 25, 1896. He was wounded and taken prisoner on December 10, and died subsequently after an operation. Our portrait is by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

Lieutenant Eric Fraser, 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, was killed in action at Spion Kop, Natal, on the 24th ult. He was twenty-one years of age, joined the Army May 7, 1898, and became lieutenant May 24, 1899.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT ERIC FRASER
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE MAJOR A. K. STUBBS
Killed at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. G. TAIT
Killed at Ko doosberg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT W. A. ORLEBAR
Died of fever at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT KYNOCH SHAND
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. EYKYN
Died of wounds received at Koodoosberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. G. MACKENZIE
Died at De Aar of enteric fever



THE LATE CAPT. C. H. SAUNDERS-KNOX-GORE
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. J. VERNON
Killed in the sortie from Mafeking



THE LATE CAPT. H. G. MAJENDIE
Died of wounds received at Dekiel's Drift



THE LATE MAJOR H. H. MASSY
Killed at Spearman's Camp



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. H. A. EAGAR
Died of wounds received in action



THE LATE CAPT. G. M. STEWART
Killed at Spion Kop

mand of Lord Robert's Horse, is nearly thirty-five years of age, and has seen fifteen years' military service. He acted as adjutant of the Rifle Brigade from 1891 to 1897, and reached his present rank in 1894. Two years ago he was employed with the Egyptian Army, and served in the Nile Expedition of 1898, being present at the battles of the Atbara and Khartoum. He also saw service in the Burmese Expedition of 1888-9. Our portrait is by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

Captain Cecil Eykyn, of the 2nd Battalion the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), was wounded in the recent reconnaissance made by General Macdonald to Koodoosberg Drift, west of the Modder River Camp, and subsequently died of his wounds. Captain Eykyn joined the Black Watch in 1889, was lieutenant in 1891, and obtained his captaincy in 1898. Our portrait is by Burrows Bros., Perth.

Lieutenant Kynock Shand, of the Imperial Light Infantry, was

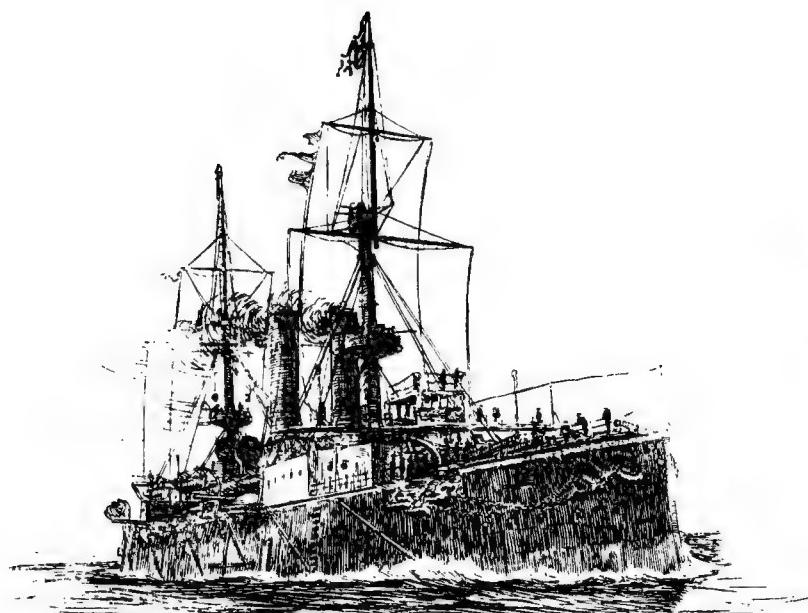
mission in 1883. He was appointed to a Horse Artillery Battery in 1886, and a few years ago was placed in charge of the Remount Establishment at Woolwich. He was a well-known polo player and a recognised authority in all matters connected with the breeding and training of horses. The Home Government selected him for special service in June of last year, and sent him out to South Africa with orders to buy horses and mules in view of the possible outbreak of hostilities. Before the Boer ultimatum was delivered he had massed together a large number of mules and country-bred horses at De Aar, which thenceforward became the centre of the Remount Establishment during the campaign. The battle of Magersfontein was the only occasion on which he had the opportunity of seeing active service. Our portrait is by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

Lieutenant Frederick Guthrie Tait, of the Black Watch, and the well-known golf champion, was shot in the action in which the Highland Brigade took part at Koodoosberg. He had previously

Major Arthur Kennedy Stubbs, of the 2nd Battalion the Worcestershire Regiment, was killed at Rensburg, having previously been reported as wounded and missing in the fighting under General French last month. Major Stubbs served as captain in the operations in the Niger Territories in 1898, including the Benin Hinterland and Siama Expeditions. He joined the Army in 1889, and was captain in 1899. Our portrait is by Cumming, Aldershot.

Captain G. M. Stewart, of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, killed at Spion Kop, was only twenty-seven years old, and had nearly seven years' service. He was with the Nile Expedition in 1898, and took part in the capture of Khartoum, receiving the Egyptian medal with clasp. He reached the rank of captain in October last. Our portrait is by Bremner, Quetta.

Captain C. S. Knox-Gore of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, was killed at Spion Kop.



Lord Charles Beresford has now relieved Rear-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. During the current year Lord Charles Beresford's flagship *Ramillies* will be replaced by the *Goliath*. H.M.S. *Ramillies* is a first-class battleship of 14,150 tons. She was completed in 1893. Our sketch is by Harold Wyllie.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S FLAGSHIP

The "Sharpshooter"

EVER since that terrible moment in the afternoon of August 18, 1870, when General von Pape, the beloved commander of the 1st Division of the Prussian Guard Corps galloped along the firing line to stop the advance of his men on the French right wing holding St. Privat la Montagne, military men have recognised the folly of attempting frontal attacks upon entrenched positions until the enemy's artillery has been silenced and its infantry seriously shaken. Admitted that to silence the enemy's artillery it was only necessary to bring a greater number of guns to bear upon it, the result ought to be certain if time and daylight did not fail. It should, in point of fact, be merely a matter for calculation. In actual warfare, however, the shaking of the infantry sufficiently to admit of a



THE "SHARPSHOOTER" ON THE MARCH

frontal attack being brought to a successful issue became not quite such a simple matter when a new system of trenches was devised where the earth dug out was scattered around the trench instead of being banked up to form a parapet. As a result the artillery preparing the way for the attack had no target to aim at except the smoke of the enemy's rifles, and when smokeless powder was introduced this guide failed altogether. An opinion thus grew up that unless the position could be outflanked and the trenches enfiladed it would be extremely difficult to drive a resolute enemy out of them. It was observed, however, that in the future battles would not often be decided in a day, they might be protracted during many days; and accordingly it was held by some soldiers of recognised capacity that in many situations it would be possible, and advisable, while

continuing the contest during the night, to push up as close as possible to the enemy's trenches a number of expert riflemen, who, acting independently and taking advantage of natural or artificial cover, would be ready with the first break of day to compete on equal terms with the entrenched enemy and might be expected to keep down his fire sufficiently to enable his first line to be rushed. These views led to a demand for artificial cover, formulated by one high authority in the following terms:—

"Something that would afford protection to riflemen engaged in keeping down the fire of troops defending entrenchments and cover the attack of the infantry, when the latter, through their advance, had masked the fire of their artillery."

It was laid down that this cover should completely protect a man in the prone position from direct rifle fire at four hundred yards, and that the weight should not exceed thirteen pounds.

The "Sharpshooter" is a mantlet designed to meet this demand, and fulfills these conditions. It is impervious to Mauser or Lee-Metford bullets at 400 yards, and to light machine-gun fire at 700 yards; it weighs thirteen pounds, and cannot be overturned by the impact of any number of bullets; it is divided into two parts hinged together, each weighing 6½ lbs., which can be made interchangeable.

It is intended for the use of marksmen only, who form not more than five to ten per cent. of the infantry. Our photographs are by E. J. Lyon, Wimbledon.

A Useful Institution

IT has been tested by figures that there is one deaf and dumb person to every 1,600 of the population. Therefore it may interest many that the Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf held its festival dinner at the Hotel Cecil, on Wednesday, with the Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., in the chair.

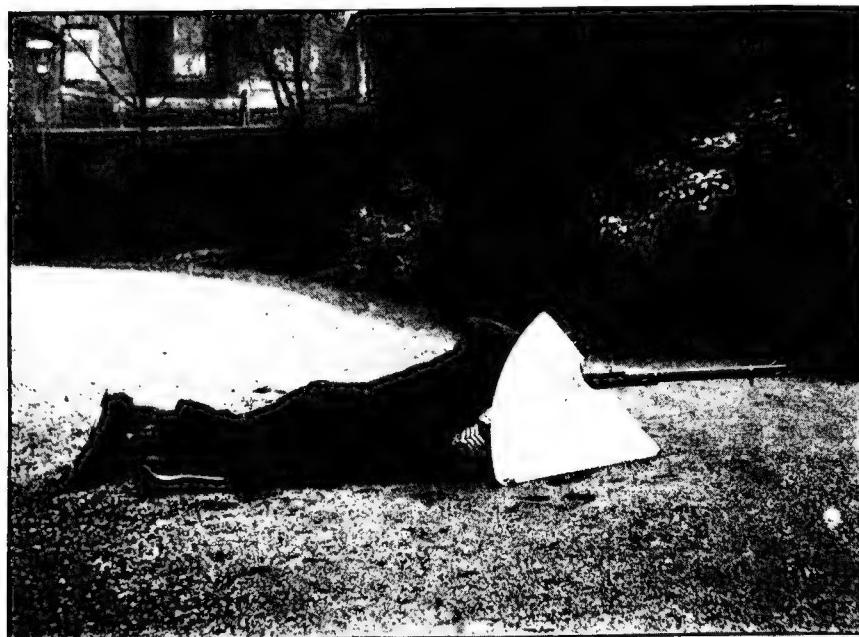
This Society, which has the Archbishop of Canterbury for its president, and such men for vice-presidents as the Earl of Ducie, the Bishops of London, Ripon, and Gloucester, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord George Hamilton, Sir T. Crawley-Boevey, and Sir John Dorington and others, is doing a great work. It has trained and certificated a large number of people to teach the deaf to speak and understand the ordinary speech of their fellow-creatures. The chief objects are to train teachers on the pure oral system, to diffuse the knowledge of the system among parents of deaf children, and now to build a school for poor children sufficient to form an adequate Practising School for the Training College. This great humane work was founded in 1877 by Mr. B. St. John Ackers, of Huntley Manor, Gloucestershire, who is now a leading member of the committee raising some 15,000/- to make the benefits of this admirable Institution more complete.



THE COLLEGE AND SCHOOLS OF THE SOCIETY FOR TRAINING TEACHERS OF THE DEAF

The Pastel Society

THE beauty of the art of pastel-painting, its delicacy, elasticity and adaptability, are once more displayed to the full in the charming exhibition now open in the Galleries of the Royal Institute Piccadilly. For the third time the London public is accorded the privilege of witnessing the full range of a method as dainty and exquisite as water-colour, as strong and vigorous as oil-painting, and, properly treated, more permanent than either. There is unquestionably against it in this country a curious prejudice founded on ignorance; that prejudice can hardly outlive such a demonstration as the present. Masters living and dead, English and foreign, have put forth their strength, and, in figure-picture and landscape, marine and portrait, animal subject or decoration, highly finished on canvas or on paper lightly touched with the easiest impression, give us examples of the charm of pastel. Some painters come forward with work of rare interest. M. Fritz Thaulow, with his "Storm at Dieppe" - a wonderful study of moving water, Mr. McLure Hamilton with searching and haunting old "Welsh Woman," Lady Sassoon with striking portrait "Study," in the manner of Emile Wauters, Mr. Terrier Williams with his cleverly studied of light in "Morning, St. Valery-en-Caux," soon attract the attention of the visitor. Mr. Bernard Partridge, too, comes out strongly as a pastellist of considerable taste and fine and delicate characterisation, particularly in "Sir Henry Irving as Dubosc" and "Mlle. Augustine Melville." Miss Barnard's "Just Awake" is an admirable exposition of infant physiology in its prettiest aspect of baby nature. "A Knave" shows Mr. Byam Shaw's art at its best; Mr. Swan is happy—more than most in the gallery—in representing a "Jaguar" and "Ocelot and Fish," while Mr. E. A. Abbey in "The Viking's Wife" shows the most powerful colour—harmonious and beautiful withal—which is possible to pigment. Work highly interesting and admirable is contributed by Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Legros, Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Liven, Mr. Brabazon, by M. Lhermitte, M. de Jong, M. dela Gandara, which, with delightful examples of Millet, give strength to an exhibition that ought to be seen. It is useless to enumerate drawings by name, and hardly needful to insist on the charm of pastel. Fine taste and an appreciative eye will always delight in these things—which have also the additional charm to collectors of relative cheapness. Why Englishmen do not more generally support a medium in which all other nations take delight, is a mystery which need not be explained if it be only dispelled as a result of this simple demonstration.



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THE PERSONNEL OF THE LANGMAN HOSPITAL

The Personnel of the Langman Hospital

THE equipment of this hospital, which consists of 100 beds, with marqueses and thirty-five tents, is now complete, and it left England in the *Oriental* for South Africa last Tuesday. The Langman Hospital, unlike other civil hospitals, is not a base hospital, but is going to the front. Mr. Archie L. Langman (lieutenant Middlesex Yeomanry), son of the donor, accompanies it as treasurer. Mr.

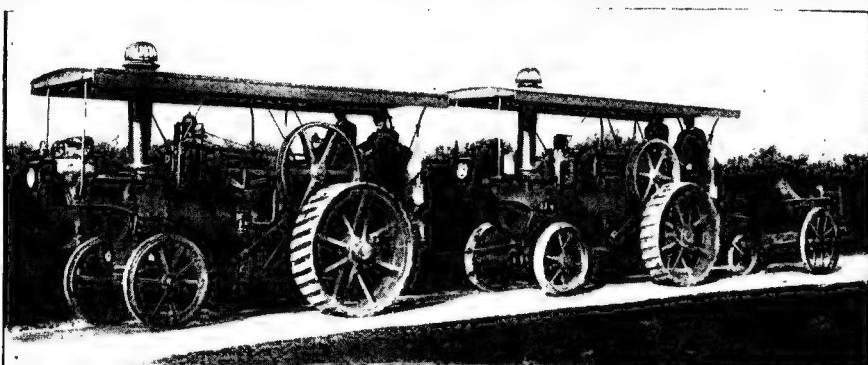
Robert O'Callaghan, F.R.C.S., of Harley Street, Surgeon to the French Hospital in London, who is Surgeon-in-Chief, is a Specialist of repute in Abdominal Surgery. As gunshot wounds of the abdomen have been very frequent and serious during the present war, his services will be of special value to our soldiers at the front. Mr. C. Gibbs, F.R.C.S., of Harley Street, Assistant-Surgeon Charing Cross Hospital, is Surgeon; Mr. H. J. Scharlieb, F.R.C.S., Harley Street, Anæsthetist to University College Hospital, is Surgeon and Anæsthetist; Dr. Conan Doyle is Physician; Messrs.

Hackney, Turle, Blasson, Mayes, and Burton, Senior Students and Dressers at University College Hospital, are Dressers; Major M. O'C. Drury, R.A.M.C., who has been appointed by the War Office as the Army Medical Officer in Charge, served in the Sudan Campaign in 1885, and with the Burmese Expedition, 1886-7. Mr. Howell is Quartermaster. There are also twenty Orderlies from the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, the whole *personnel* amounting to forty-five. Our portrait of Mr. Archie Langman is by A. Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, and that of Mr. Gibbs by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.



During the operations near Colesberg four companies of the Suffolk Regiment, under Colonel Watson, made an effort to take the kopje occupied by the Boers that commanded a great part of the town of Colesberg. The enemy awaited the attack in perfect silence, and when our men were almost within bayonet reach, opened a terrific fire, which mowed our men down. Someone shouted "Retire!"—it is supposed to have been a Boer who did it—and some of our men received this as an order, and began to retreat. The officers refused to retire, and of eleven only three returned. The men who stood their ground were obliged to surrender. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, shows the Suffolks straggling back to camp. The men in front form the remnant of the four companies.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM : THE DISASTER TO THE SUFFOLKS



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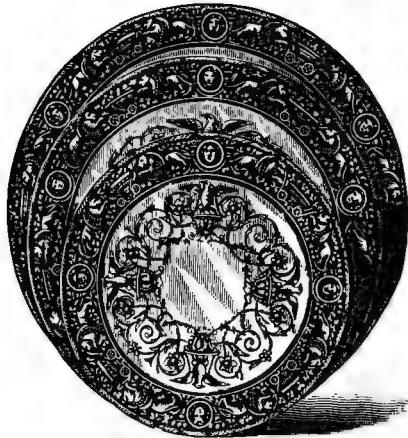
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5. Why the "Library" has come into existence (resuming a part of Dr. Garnett's introduction to the "Library").
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In my earliest years I have been a lover of books, and I have expended a considerable sum of money in "infinite variety," ranging from nursery ballads and fairy tales to encyclopedias of vast scope and size, and the works of Robert Browning.

the hours of childhood, in the heyday of youth, in the prime of manhood, I have found them pleasant

companions, and when I saw the announcement which was recently issued by the STANDARD, I could not resist the temptation to purchase a copy of your work. In no sense do I regret having done so, for it is the best book I have bought. Many a literary gem which had long been lost sight of, glitters again in the depths

of clear sea of print, many a poem which had passed out of memory, stirs up the heart once more and leads me back through the mist of years to bygone days.

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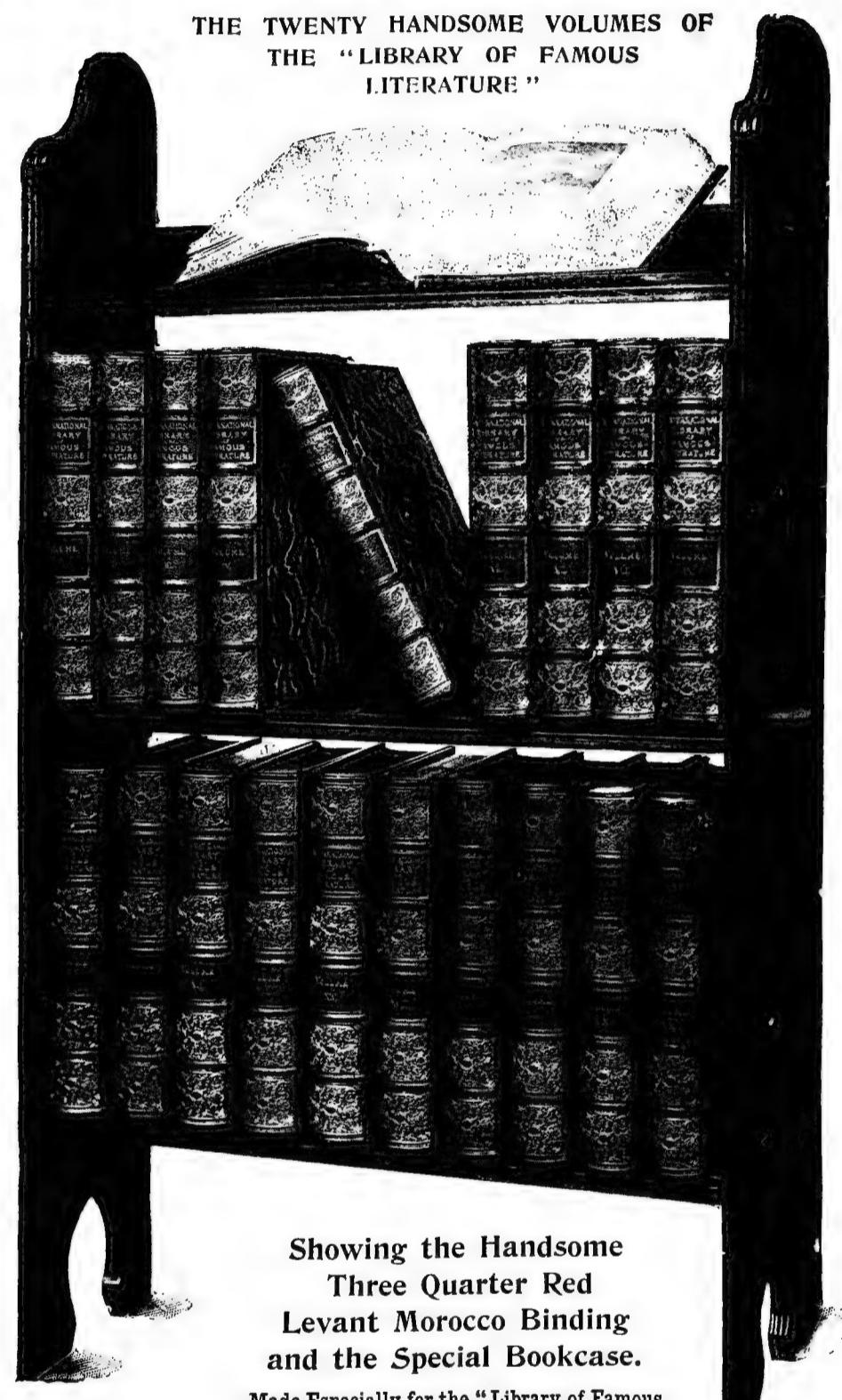
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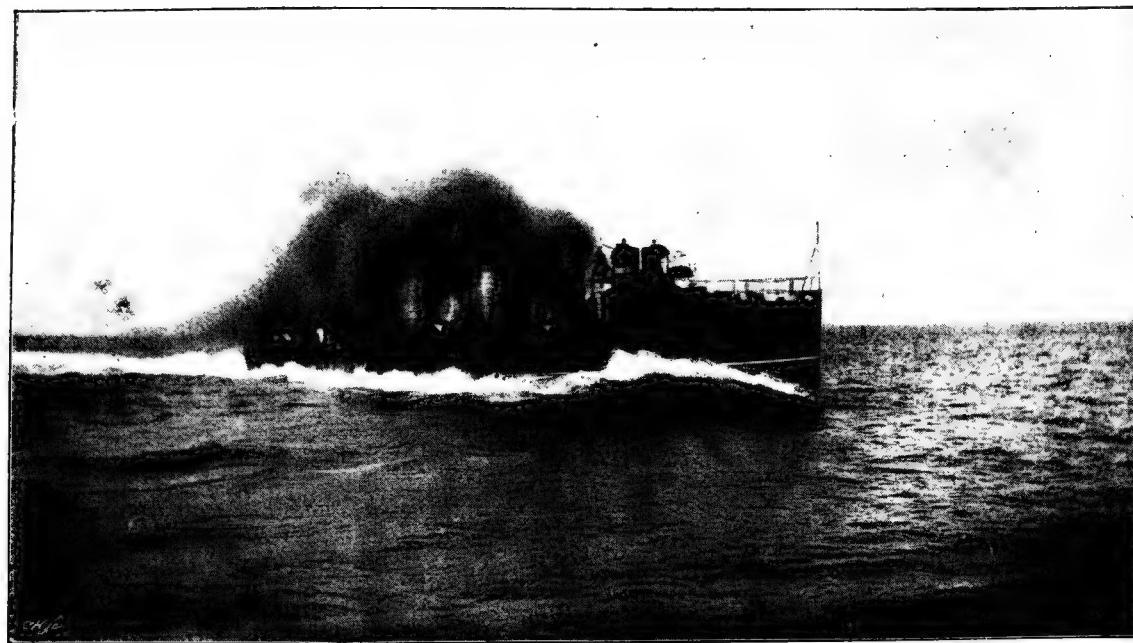
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THE FASTEST SHIP IN THE NAVY: H.M.S. "VIPER," THE NEW DESTROYER

A Turbine Torpedo Boat Destroyer

THE accompanying photograph shows the torpedo-boat destroyer H.M.S. *Viper*, at the record speed of 35·5 knots, or nearly forty-one statute miles per hour. This boat is being supplied by the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company, Ltd., of Wallsend-on-Tyne, to the British Government. The engines are of the well-known steam turbine type, invented by the Hon. Charles Parsons, F.R.S., the principle being the same as on the *Turbinia*, which most people will remember in connection with her appearance at the Naval Review. The *Viper* is more than twice the size of the *Turbinia*, the principal dimensions being—length 210 feet, beam 21 feet, displacement 350 tons. The indicated horse-power is about 11,000. The most noticeable feature in a boat engined with Parsons' turbines is the entire absence of vibration, which enables guns to be trained much more accurately than when reciprocating engines are used. Other advantages which will appeal more directly to engineers are the facts that turbine engines take up considerably less space, consume less coal per horse-power, require less care and attention when running, and are cheaper in first cost than ordinary engines.

The turbine engines of the *Viper* are similar to those of the *Turbinia*, but are in duplicate, and consist of two distinct sets, one

on each side of the vessel. There are four screw shafts in all entirely independent of one another, the two shafts on one side being driven by one high and one low pressure turbine respectively.

The boilers, auxiliary machinery, and condensers are of the type usual in such vessels, but their size is somewhat increased to meet the much larger horse-power to be developed. This compensates for the lesser weight of the main engines, shafting, propellers, as well as the lighter structure of the engine beds. The boilers are of the Yarrow type, and the hull and all fittings are of the usual design.

In regard to the general application of steam turbine engines to large ships, the conditions appear to be more favourable in the case of the faster classes of vessels, such as cross-Channel boats, fast passenger vessels, liners, cruisers and battleships; in all such vessels the reduction in weight of machinery and the increased economy in the consumption of coal per horse-power are important factors; in some the absence of vibration is a question of first importance, as affecting the comfort of passengers, and, in the case of ships of war, in permitting of greater accuracy in sighting of the guns. Designs have been prepared for a cross-Channel boat on the Parsons system, suitable for the Dover-Calais or Newhaven and Dieppe routes. Such a boat, 270 feet in length, 35 feet beam and 1,000 tons displacement, and 8 ft. 6 in. draught of water, would have spacious accommodation for 600 passengers. Fitted with Parsons'

engines of 18,000 horse-power she would have a sea-speed thirty knots, as compared with the nineteen to twenty-two speed of the existing vessels of similar size and accompaniment and would thus cross the Channel in about two-thirds of the present taken.

An Interesting Trophy

THE accompanying illustration represents a very remarkable Racing trophy, and one which is naturally highly valued by the owner. From the inscriptions it will be observed that it was won on Jan. 6, 1900, at Modder River, on the occasion of a gymkhana held at that camp for the amusement of the troops. The cup bears the following inscriptions: "From inhabitants of Port Elizabeth, Modder River gymkhana, won by Lieut. A. C. Girdwood's (5th Fusiliers) 'Reveille.' — 'Half-Mile Pony Race, won by Lieut. A. C. Girdwood's 'Reveille,' ridden by Major the Hon. C. Lambton, D.S.O., 5th Fusiliers, Modder River, Jan. 6, 1900."



MISS LUCY E. KEMP-WELCH's spirited picture of "Hunting" in the New Forest, which many visitors to the Royal Academy of 1897 may remember, has been admirably reproduced by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen in photogravure, all the spirit and vigour of the original being preserved. The painting was purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and is now in the Tate Gallery.

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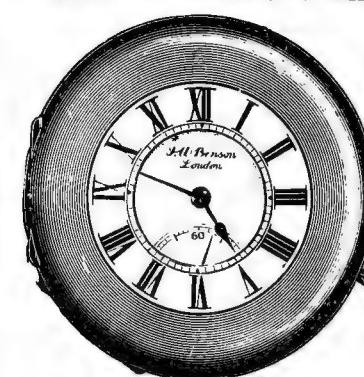
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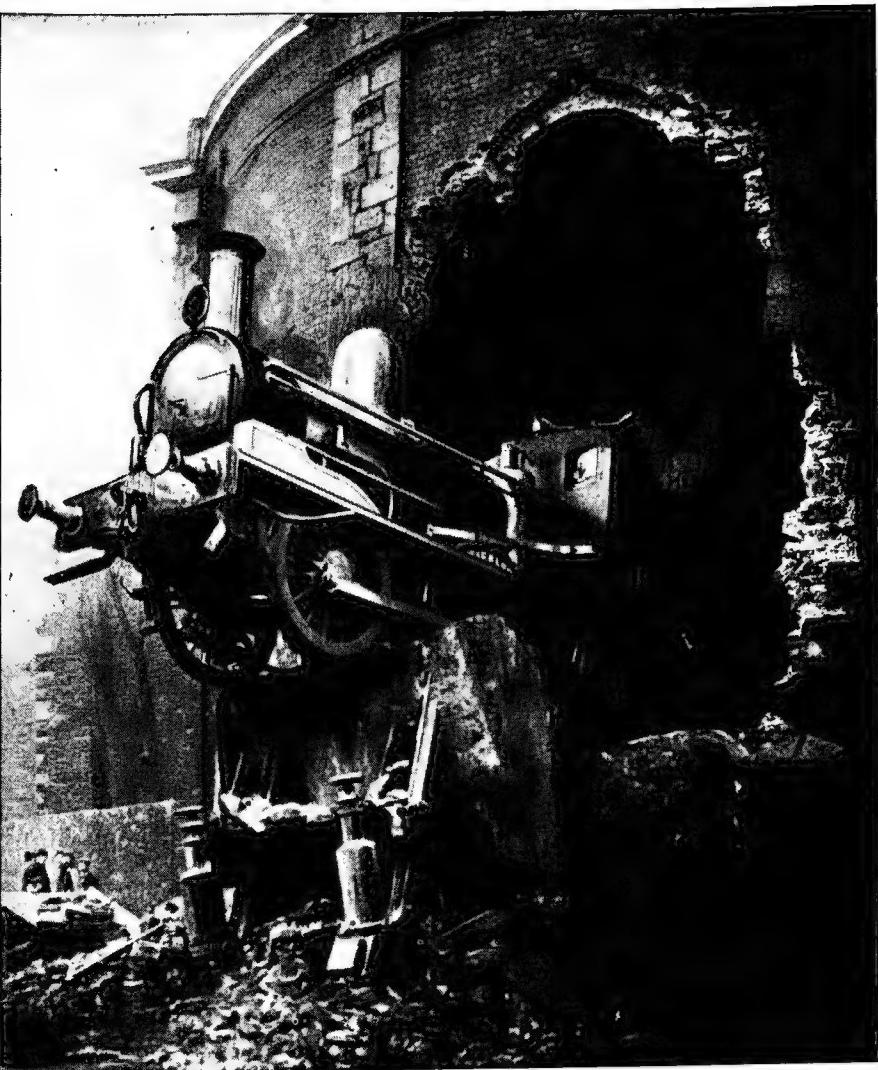
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Thackeray in "Punch"

To Mr. M. H. Spielmann we owe one of the most interesting literary discoveries of the season, and that is the series of contributions of Thackeray to *Punch* which, hitherto unidentified, have now had their authorship placed beyond dispute. Only a very short time since we had a new authorised, and professedly complete, edition of Thackeray's works, but there are a number of things in this very interesting book which will necessitate the complete edition being made more complete, or one more volume, and that, this one, being added to the Thackeray shelf. This new collection, says Mr. Spielmann, who has ransacked the records of *Punch* office with such excellent results, "includes pieces not so much suppressed or forgotten as unrecognised as the work of Thackeray—pieces which are often quite as worthy of preservation as many of his lighter sketches and verses. Literary considerations apart, they are, in the aggregate, of real value and interest, for they show upon what topics of public concern Thackeray was writing during the years here dealt with (1843 to 1848), and what he thought about them; that is to say, his views on things in general, and on the major and minor events that passed in his day; opinions, in short, which help to reveal the man, and which are as necessary to the biographer for the full understanding of his character as the books that he wrote or the letters wherein his own self is sometimes set down and sometimes, maybe, concealed." In this last sentence the editor touches the most important point. The contributions in themselves contain nothing to add to an established reputation. They include verses, epigrams, parodies, fables, and satirical letters, satirical in the best sense, that is to say, with strong feeling behind, but their chief interest lies in the sidelights which they throw on the character of a man of whom we are presumably, in deference to his wishes, never to have a full and authorised biography. From a literary point of view the new verses are the most important contributions, but, from a personal point of view, among the most interesting contributions are the novelist's scathing letters on the imprisonment of Daniel O'Connell, on the Sunday opening of museums, on Home Rule generally, on snobbery,

* "The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of Thackeray to Punch. With a Complete and Authoritative Bibliography from 1843 to 1848." By M. H. Spielmann. (Harper Brothers.)



At the Harcourt Street (Dublin) terminus of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway the other day, a cattle train, consisting of an engine and twenty-six waggons, rushed through the station at great speed, the engine striking and displacing the buffers and stop bank, and breaking through the end wall into Hatch Street. There the front wheels so hung over that the whole engine looked as if it would tumble into the thoroughfare, but the sheer weight of the train behind prevented it from falling. Both the guard and the fireman of the train escaped without serious injury, but the engine-driver was not so fortunate, a broken piston getting jammed against his arm and shattering it completely. Our illustration is from a photograph by M. Glover, Dublin.

A REMARKABLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN DUBLIN

which in any form was as a red rag to him, forth. The years which the contributions cover, of course, the years when the Prince Consort the butt at which any amount of humoured chaff was directed, and it was not expected that Thackeray would be guilty in this respect, nor do we find him so, but whether there may be malicious in his writing directed in this direction. Thackeray was a prominent contributor of ideas for the weekly toon, but two or three cartoons are here which had their inspiration in him, and the v is scattered through with characteristic sketches. It is a little curious in looking through them to see what a strong family resemblance some bear to the "artistic" work of Mr. W. Giltbert. Take, for instance, the illustration little burlesque, "The Seaman's Pipe," written to ridicule a much-resented order against smoking in the Navy. They might have been by Mr. Giltbert himself. Everyone knows that Thackeray can be mordant enough when he chose, but we conclude with a verse or two from "A Ballad of Malbrook," which show him in his virulent form. It is an attack on the Duke of Marlborough of the day, who, during election, had been credited justly or unjustly with persecuting the poor of the neighbourhood:—

My ancestors an almshouse built—(the greater asses t For a score of poor old women, who could eat but could not And they used to come and crawl about, in my way, Hang their eyes! like so many flies, all in the sun! What a sight for an English nobleman!

Their rags and wrinkles made me sick, as sure as vermin; To turn them out of Blenheim Park I graciously did mine; So I bricked the almshouse gate up, and I read my k. sermon: Says I, no more let into my door that poor old vermin!

For I'm a true old English nobleman.

There was John Bartlett, who picked up a half-caterpillar How dared John Bartlett for to venture for to go to? I sent him to Oxford Gaol because he dared to habit No more, I warrant you, he'll indulge in that there v habit,

And steal from an English nobleman.

So now let's sing God save the King, and the house of Malbrook, Take this here example, rogues, of a gallant Englishman And voters all of Woodstock, let all grumbling be fit And let my son the marquis, for your Parliament man For he's a true young English nobleman, And loves the olden time.

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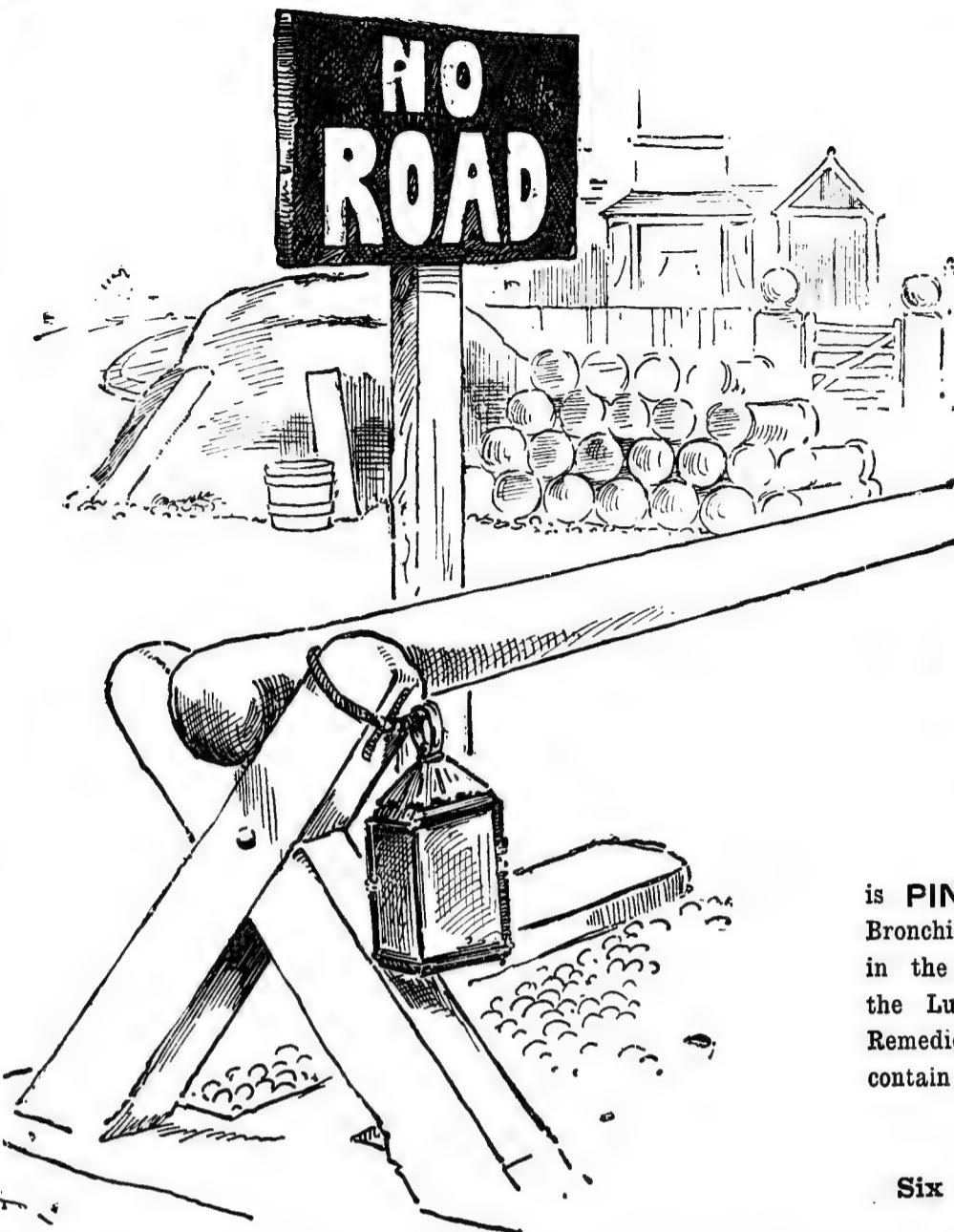
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New Novels

"PARSON KELLY"

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Of white embroidered mouseline d' soie over pale yellow, with wide insertions of lace. Lace bolero. Silver sequins at waist, and on transparent sleeves.

guarantee of fidelity to history and to historic colour that places any such work above any criticism on that score save that of Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. A. E. W. Mason has been fortunate enough to obtain this invaluable advantage in the case of his and Mr. Lang's "Parson Kelly" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), and thus confined us to the humble, everyday duty of considering the story from the standpoint of the general reader, who no more exacts historic realism from a novelist than his grandfather demanded it from Scott, so long as he is interested and amused. Of interest and amusement, we are glad to say, there is ample, even for those who care nothing for the plots and counterplots which culminated in Culloden. "Parson" Kelly, the Irish plotter, holds high rank among the few, the very few, Gentlemen—in the complete sense—of fiction. He is, indeed, altogether unfit for a business which so frequently includes personal honour among the sacrifices a man must be prepared to make for the cause. He is, of course, a high-minded enthusiast, but he is the very opposite of the solemn prig, and the affection that he has an unconscious, almost childlike, way of inspiring at once in every man, woman, and dog, and in foe as well as friend, is at once found infectious by the reader, and grows from page to page. Not less interesting, in a very different way, is the non-historical but not the less actual Lady Oxford, who deals in politics as a part of the great game of love, as she understands it; fascinates, intrigues, and betrays; and finally startles one who had known her as the spoiler of lives and causes by appearing as the "Elect Lady" at an obscure Methodist prayer-meeting. The novel, which grows remarkably in interest when the authors have got clear of a rather ill-constructed opening, contains many highly dramatic scenes, which certainly do not suffer from lack of sharp tongues and hard blows. As we have said, the colour of the period is so irreproachable as to make one stare to find Mary Howitt's rhyme of "The Spider and the Fly" familiar enough for casual quotation by a fine gentleman to a fine lady nearly a hundred years before its authoress was born.

"A LEGACY OF HATE"

The power of a prisoner in an asylum for criminal lunatics to project her personality into a harmless lady at a distance, in order to compel the latter to become the murderer of her own dearly loved daughter, with the virtual success of this truly diabolical proceeding, forms the subject of Theo Douglas's "A Legacy of Hate" (C. Arthur Pearson). Hypnotism it cannot fairly be called, inasmuch as there is not and never has been any sort of communication between the operator and her victim. It is just a case of pure and simple witchcraft adapted to modern conditions, which include the employment of a detective whose failure is naturally a foregone conclusion. We had occasion to notice a volume lately in which the leading character made a specialty of the investigation of such cases. If fiction be the mirror of its own time, the multiplication of ghosts and witches seems to call for the revival of the once flourishing profession of witch-finder. In our opinion, these psychological fantasies are better suited for short stories than for long novels, where some amount of realism is indispensable. At any rate, however, Theo Douglas has taken every advantage of her hidden supernatural machinery for the construction of a mystery

which not even so skilled a detective as the experienced novelist can unravel. We have not scrupled to supply a clue which will enable the story to be followed with interest in its dramatic motive, instead of such curiosity as may be stirred by other impossibilities.



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Of pinkish mauve panne. Stole front, etc., of guipure. Front of cream chiffon. Black tulle rosettes and cords of black chenille. Sleeve of lace, chiffon and chevillé.



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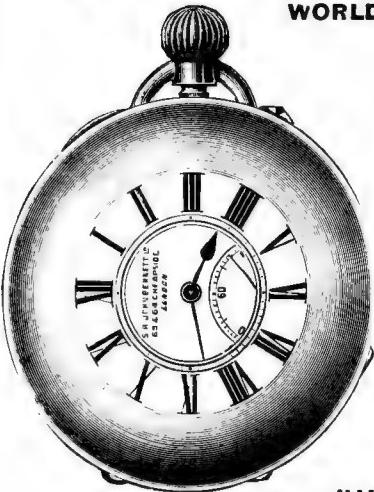
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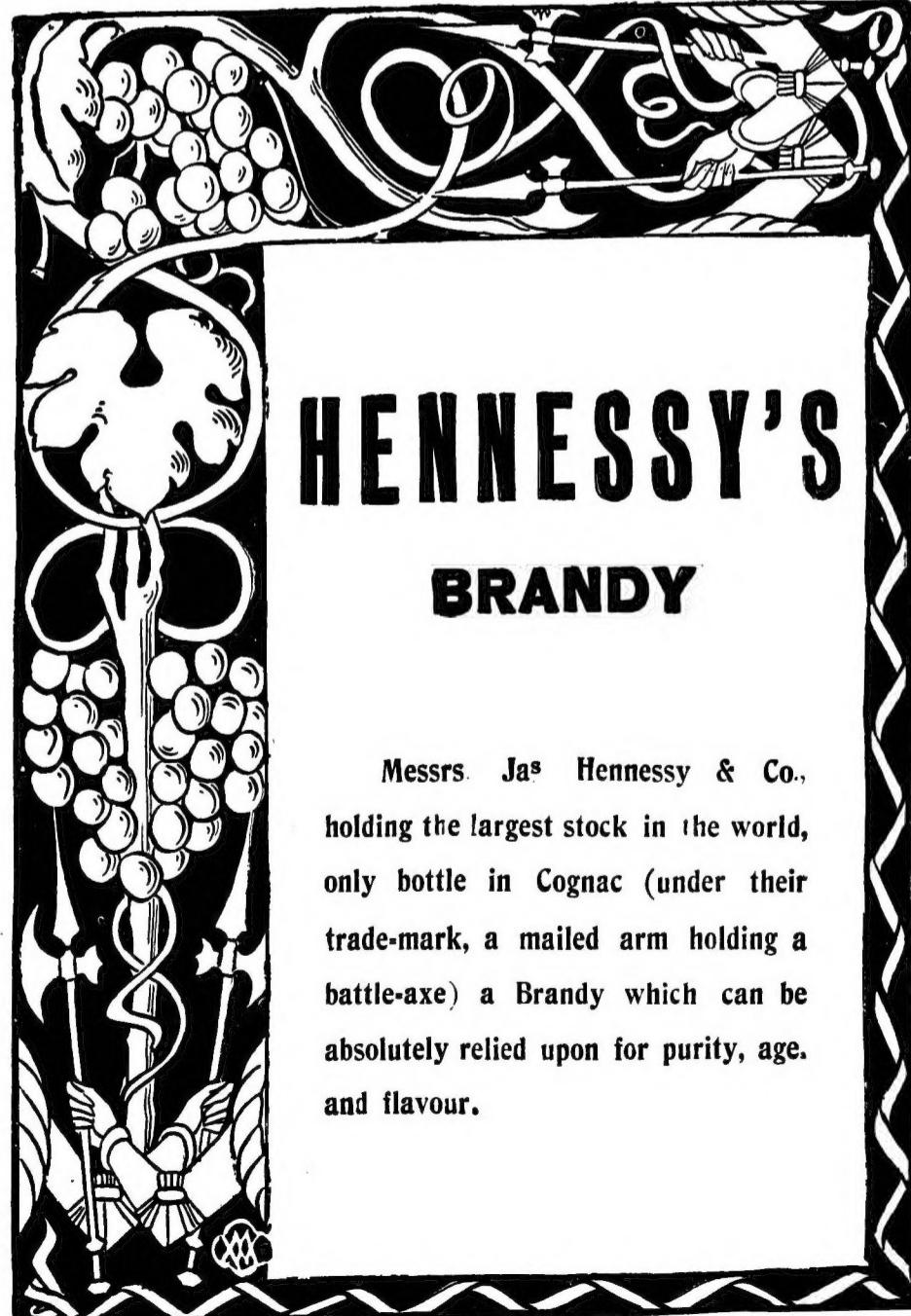
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

SPENSER'S unfinished poem was "On Mutability." After informing us that "naught continueth in one stay" the pen ceased. Perhaps the poet reflected how, to dwellers in the British climate, such observations partook of "glimpses into the obvious." The changes of weather which February has seen have been, however, even more varied in France than in England, for at Paris there have been two thunderstorms, and the lightning on the second occasion was particularly vivid. The wood pigeons which roost in a certain City garden returned to their wonted tree on February 14, with sublime respect to the Saint's Day, and a startling disregard to the thermometer, which did not exceed 30 degs. at midday. The floods are out in many places, and the melting snow is the chief cause assigned. The season is all against grain-threshing and barley-sowing, and the changes have also been adverse to the southern lambing flocks. With corn below the average cost of

production, and with the health of live stock markedly poorer than it was a year ago, the farmers can scarcely be congratulated on the outlook of February, 1903.

HOME-FED SHEEP

The hardy sheep which keep the field all through the year and only require hand feeding in the snow time are cheap, but it is doubted if they are remunerative all the same. Land means rent, and all cheapness is relative. Farmers, we are told—and we can well believe it—find out more and more that to feed sheep under cover pays better than to expose them to the elements in the bad months of the year. The home-fed sheep require thirty per cent. less food than those outside—in fact, thirty per cent. of what the latter eat does them no good at all, it simply "keeps out the cold." The home-fed sheep put on flesh much quicker than the others, and are much readier for the market. Thus we have a thirty per cent. reduction in the cost of feeding plus a quicker turn over of capital spent in buying them. On the other hand we have a higher labour bill, and this is the crux. No returns are of any use until we know

what this formidable item amounts to. The home-fed lambs, of course, do not show anything like the mortality which is averaged by those out in the open, and there is also a saving whenever artificial food has to be given, not only on a certain waste of it in the open, but also on carting and carrying it.

WHITE ANIMALS

A controversy is going on among Shorthorn breeders concerning the "superstition" that white shorthorns are seldom fertile. Albinoism is probably a form of degeneration, and the earliest thing to be affected by the failure of nervous vigour is the power of reproduction. White animals are, however, by no means always albinos, and the white Chillingham cattle have been preserved as a strain for centuries. Still, the matter is interesting, and the "superstition" about white cattle has an echo with regard to other white animals. A white cat is notably liable to be deaf, and the sacrifice of white horses by the ancient Jutes may have had some motive apart from the peculiarity of colour, or want of it. The matter of colour in animals is one on which science has yet a great deal to say.

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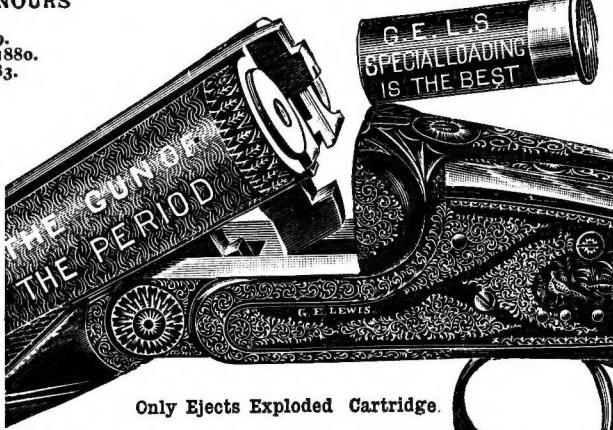
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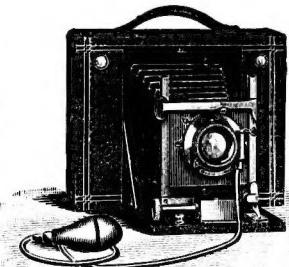
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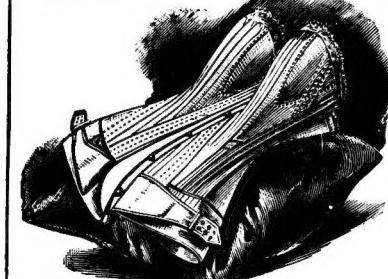
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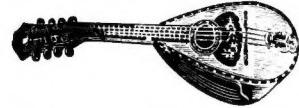
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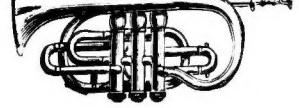
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